THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

A QUARTERLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT THINKER

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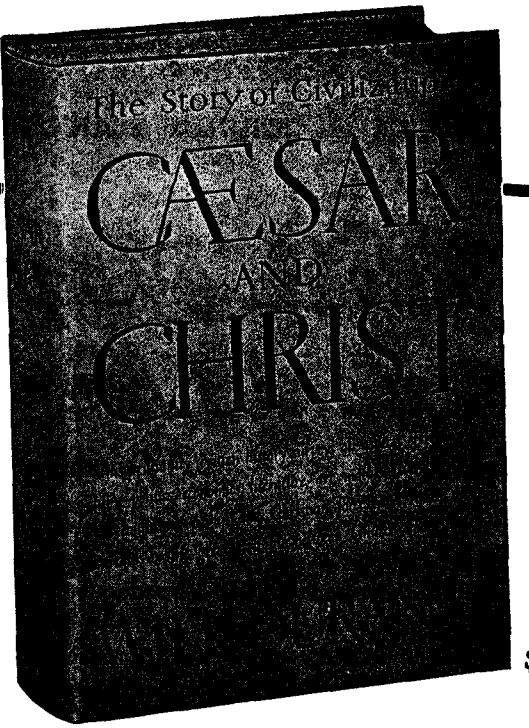

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Of Making Books

"I HAVE seen books made," says Montaigne, "of things neither studied nor understood; the author entrusting the research to learned friends . . . himself content to supply industry in tying together these faggots of unknown origin: at least the paper and ink are his." We have not quite reached this degree of delegation in composing our modern books, but the ironic complaint still has point. It is so easy to make what looks like a book, by taking notes instead of thought and by following an outline instead of an inspiration.

Everything — time, current practice, and even our scholarly virtues — tempts us to the imposture; for is not scholarship based on the extant literature, and are we not bound to submit our work for criticism, in parts, to all our learned friends? The result is a marvelous anonymity of tone, equalled only by a noble avoidance of risk. We please by not displeasing and we achieve through collective effort the professional glaze of that famous periodical whose articles, it was said, had to be approved by ten men.

That was not the way of Montaigne. We should more frequently remind ourselves that he wrote his essays first and added the quotations afterwards — most of them, indeed, posthumously. And again, that like so many others still readable, he sought chiefly to please himself, setting down his thoughts eccentrically, without an outline or a file of cards, despite his love of order, and yet managed, somehow, to fashion a piece of time-resisting work.

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He is a particularly good example in these days, because we cannot explain him and excuse ourselves by reference to the quiet leisurely times in which he lived. We know that he had to do his thinking between racketeering raids on his house, and that he observed life while it hung on the whim of pestilence or the good will of armed fanatics. In spite of this, and though "surrounded by thousands of books," he used his precedents as starting points, not as havens of certitude. We who are not yet so enveloped by strife, have contracted timidity from another cause: we want to be right. We dread the reader who will pounce upon an error of fact, an unfamiliar thought, a naïve sentiment. To purchase his thin feasting smiles we give up our only chances of being largely true — by long turning over of simple experience, by pondering what we read, by informed divination.

The upshot is that we too are surrounded by thousands of books — learned, semi-learned, popular; and hardly anywhere in this mass can we find the Emersonian scholar, man thinking. In all these works, short or long, the effort has gone into manufacturing: the publisher, his readers, the editorial hands, the librarians, the colleagues, the wife, and the author have *conspired* to put together a book, checked and double-checked the matter, made an industrial product of "faggots of unknown origin." But the living speech of a true witness is absent.

Jacques Barzun

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College Quotas and American Democracy

Dan W. Dodson

IN military parlance, American higher education today stands at "operation crossroads." Most of our colleges and universities are rooted in what they proudly call their traditions. This means that sentiments, memories and a conception of self as an institution were developed for an era which has passed. That era contained many stereotypes and misconceptions which have come into disrepute in these later years.

The first institutions of higher education were largely under private or religious auspices. They were supported by philanthropy and tuition. By a system of scholarships and grants-in-aid, they tried to serve the underprivileged as best they could, and many of us were the recipients of such help. These institutions, in order to survive, however, had to become and stay fashionable. Scholarship standards had to be maintained; but what was more important, the schools had to draw students who would reflect the schools' culture and traditions.

Unfortunately, state institutions have felt that they had to compete with the pattern set by the already established colleges and universities. Thus, sororities and fraternities and social stratification on their campuses tended to stamp out the hope of genuinely democratic relationships, and established instead a reasonable facsimile of what had already been

● DAN W. DODSON is associate professor of sociology at the School of Education of New York University. Since 1944 he has been on leave of absence to serve as executive director of the Mayor's Committee on Unity in New York City. Dr. Dodson is managing editor of the *Journal of Educational Sociology*.

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created under private auspices. Thus, traditions in American higher education are identified only secondarily with the struggle for human rights, and only incidentally with the fight for the opportunity for all youth to develop their personalities to the fullest. Primarily, they are rooted in the creation and perpetuation of an elite.

Such a heritage is today in contradistinction to the growing realization which has come as a result of the war: that the weaknesses of our society stem to a large extent from prejudices that preclude for many the final realization of their potentialities. The fact that the shortage of doctors resulted from prejudice and economic limitations which kept hundreds of worthy young people from preparing for that profession illustrates how this thing has worked. The payoff came when it was revealed that Germany's weakness partly resulted from prejudices which forced her to expel the very people whose creativeness subsequently made such an enormous contribution to the development of the Atomic Bomb.

Today, our society as a whole sees the relationship between social welfare and prejudices which thwart the development of the capacities of individuals. This threat to the basic concepts of democracy is so plain that almost all of us, except the vested interests, have seen it. The question is whether or not the colleges and universities have seen it and are willing to bring their practices into line with present day insights, even though some of their most precious traditions be jeopardized.

Dr. Frank Kingdon, in an article in the *American Mercury* for October, 1945, summarized the discriminatory practices as they exist in the medical schools. I need not dwell upon his figures to any appreciable extent, but he indicates that the enrollment of Jewish students in medical schools has been reduced by roughly 50 per cent in the last twenty years. The class of 1937 in these schools included 794 Jewish students, the class of 1940 only 477. Four schools pointed to in the data presented by Dr. Kingdon indicate the pattern: in the class of 1920, forty-six Jewish students were admitted at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, in 1936, six, and in 1940, eight; Long Island

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University in 1932 had 42.24 per cent Jewish enrollment, and in 1938, 14 per cent; Syracuse University "dropped" from 19.44 per cent in 1936 to 6 per cent in 1942. At Cornell University Medical School, 40 per cent of the entering medical class of twenty-five years ago were Jewish; today only 5 per cent of new admissions are Jewish. In 1941, Cornell enrolled only three Jewish students in a total class of eighty-four.

It should be pointed out that the three New York City medical schools mentioned above reflected, before the initiation of restrictions, a Jewish percentage approximating the Jewish population of the city, with some allowance for the fact that proportionately speaking, a slightly higher percentage of Jewish youth sought medical training than would be true for the total population. The survey further lists medical institutions which discriminate not only against Jews, but Negroes, Italians and, in some instances, Catholics (other than the Catholics represented in the minority groups here listed).

Available data are not at hand at present on the other professional schools of these universities. It is well known, however, that a survey conducted by Horner in 1944 recommended to most of the dental colleges along the Eastern Seaboard that they bring their student population more in line with the ethnic composition of the nation — in other words, that these schools reduce drastically the number of Jewish students enrolled.

The report, which was confidential, got to the press in the case of Columbia University, and considerable discussion followed; but the extent to which these institutions have accepted the recommendation is not known. There is some proof at the present time that schools of law and of engineering have, in given cases, resorted to appropriate methods to hold down enrollments of those whom they consider as having less desirable ethnic backgrounds.

Many schools are not so open in admitting that they practice discrimination. Several, in order to hold down enrollment of youths representing certain ethnic backgrounds, have undoubtedly hidden behind the screen of national quotas, under the pretext of spreading their contribution to the entire United States.

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Regional quotas, however defensible they may be as an educational device, can be, and in my opinion are, used in many instances as a pretext for practicing discrimination. The Mayor's Committee on Unity of New York City found them in operation not only in medical schools, but in some of the law schools as well. It is more difficult to justify such regional quotas in professional schools than it would be in undergraduate institutions, for the selfishness of the majority group is much more apparent.

There is little doubt that back of the program to limit professional preparation of youth of certain ethnic groups stand the powerful organizations representing these professions. If these groups were not dignified by the term "profession," their practices would be brought under the same type of public scrutiny that has come to regulate discrimination in business and trade unions. For instance, there is not in New York State a single employer or union that can legally debar any qualified individual from its membership on the basis of race, creed or color. When an occupation is dignified by the term "profession," however, the practices tend to be more subtle, and effective elimination of competition in these occupations is achieved by putting the onus on the professional schools whose handmaidens they are.

The picture on the undergraduate level is much more confusing. In New York City, the Mayor's Committee on Unity was rather well convinced that in at least two outstanding undergraduate institutions effective devices were used to keep down enrollment of youths of given ethnic backgrounds.

One of the most forthright statements, and perhaps most honest, is that of Dr. Ernest M. Hopkins just before he left the presidency of Dartmouth. Dr. Hopkins is quoted in the *New York Post* of August 7, 1945, saying "Dartmouth is a Christian college founded for the Christianization of its students." He added that the quota system had been set up to prevent anti-Semitism — a phenomenon which he thought was a definite possibility in this country! He further said, "I know definitely that this [cordial attitude toward present Jewish students] would be changed overnight in Dartmouth, or in any other college, if Dartmouth were to disregard the fact that it would become an

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urban college, which it does not want to become, and would lose its racial tolerance, which it is desperately anxious not to lose, were we to accept unexamined the great blocs of Jewish applications which come in, for instance, from the New York high schools and other great metropolitan centers."

It seems that Dr. Hopkins is saying that Dartmouth College does not have confidence enough in its native stock population to believe that they would receive equally qualified young people of different ethnic backgrounds from their own if they came in any numbers. Consequently, Dartmouth College must utilize its resources first and primarily to maintain the status of Dartmouth College as a socially acceptable institution; only secondarily is Dartmouth interested in bringing together in her halls the persons best qualified to profit by college experience. This means that the institution has decided for the men who attend Dartmouth that they would rather associate with mediocre students, and compete with them for the honors which the College has to bestow, than to associate with the best qualified people to be obtained — in which case the honors they won would be bestowed because of really superior achievement.

Another college president, a few days ago, speaking with reference to the situation in New York State, was quoted as saying that it was impossible to admit more than 20 per cent of the student body from ethnic backgrounds different from the majority group without starting an exodus of the dominant native group from the school. In order to keep his enrollment balanced and to keep the "better element" of his school from leaving, he was forced to find measures to keep down his enrollment of Jews and Negroes. He pointed to an outstanding performer on one of his athletic teams and said there had been an application from another individual, apparently equally well qualified, but that he dared not admit him lest the institution become looked upon as the mecca for minority group peoples — and the athletic teams not continue to attract outstanding majority group athletes.

When one examines the record of his institution, however, it is apparent that the argument is being used by an administration to cover up practices much worse than those admitted. The

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college, for instance, during the administration of this president, has reduced the number of Jewish students in its medical school to a negligible percentage. They have enrolled their first and only Negro student within the last two or three years. They have been equally adamant about not accepting Italian students.

The question which now presents itself is the validity of the arguments used by these institutions. Let us grant that there are, on college and university faculties and administrations and, even more important, on directing boards, many individuals, who are blinded by their hatreds or fears of various minority groups, and who would resort to any subterfuge to keep members of these minority groups to an absolute minimum. There can be no doubt, however, that there are also many sincere proponents of various discriminatory practices who genuinely believe that these practices work for the best interests of all. In any case, an argument has to be examined on its own merits, not on the merits of who propounds it or why. We must consider these arguments honestly and objectively. To refute them may not be sufficient to guarantee fair educational opportunities for all; not to refute them means, however, to abandon all hope of achieving universally fair educational opportunities by any democratic process.

What, then, are the arguments? How do they measure up?

1. *The schools are caught in the toils of the prejudices of the potential student body. If more than a given percentage of a particular minority group are admitted to a particular school, there is a grave risk that other students will stay away from that school so that it will soon be overwhelmed by minority groups.*

It is not necessary here to go into the question of the degree to which this is a factually sound principle or the degree to which it is a mere supposition which ignores, for example, the fact that American youth is notoriously more progressive than their elders who run the schools. It is evident that this argument fails to examine the reasons for a possible piling-up effect of minority group students in particular schools. Students who are excluded by some schools must inevitably gravitate to the schools

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which do admit them. The answer to this argument is not to perpetuate quota systems, but to open *all* of the schools to students who compete freely for admission solely on the basis of their relevant personal qualifications, so that minority students are more widely distributed in the population.

2. *The schools are caught in the toils of the prejudices of American society. Graduates who are members of certain minority groups do not find employment in their fields of study as readily as do other graduates. The democratic solution would seem to be to warn the prospective student of the difficulties which confront him and permit him to make his own decision, rather than to make the decision for him. The schools, however, cannot afford to do this. A good part of the appeal of a school is determined by the degree to which its graduates find placement. A large proportion of graduates who do not find employment in their fields of study injures the reputation of the school and hinders it from obtaining well-qualified students.*

The answer to this argument is, again, that if *all* of the schools opened their gates no one school would be unduly handicapped. The argument is a better argument against quota systems than for them, because the quota systems of some schools create a special hardship and handicap for those schools which strive to conform to the American tradition of equal educational opportunity for all.

The problem is to get all of the schools to drop their quota systems.

3. *Discrimination in employment is not of equal potency in all fields of endeavor. The result is that students from minority groups gravitate toward certain fields which are relatively open to them. This alleged fact brings on arguments four and five.*

It would be well to note, however, that the alleged fact is itself not well established. While it is argued, for example, that 15 per cent of the nation's physicians are Jewish as compared to only 4 per cent of the nation's population, account is not taken of the fact that both physicians and Jews tend to be heavily

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concentrated in the urban areas. Gross statistics can be extremely misleading if not subjected to further analysis.

A measure of the sincerity of this argument and of the argument based on it, is the concern which its proponents display with regard to bringing the number of Negro physicians to the "proper" 10 per cent.

In general, it should be added that the choice of field of specialization is determined, not only by considerations of prospective employment possibilities, but also by other considerations such as interest and aptitude. The relative weights of these factors are not known. It is certain, however, that many a prospective engineer would sooner drop his studies entirely if thwarted in his educational endeavors, than turn to a possible career in, say, medicine, law or social work. Many another would gamble against a near certainty of unemployment or inferior employment in his chosen field.

4. *Because of the tendency to gravitate toward particular fields, a system of free competition, as postulated in the rebuttal to argument one, would not exist. As a consequence, the percentage of students from minority groups would rise above the critical point and other students would be driven away; these fields would then be overwhelmed by the minority groups.*

It should be noted that this argument assumes far stronger and deeper prejudices in the student body than does argument one. It assumes, not merely that the prospective student would be willing to give up the school which is most suitable for him, but actually to give up the career of his choice merely in order not to be compelled to associate with fearful numbers of Negroes, Jews or members of other hated minority groups. If there actually be any students who are so profoundly hate-ridden, one may seriously question their suitability for any professional career.

The answer to this argument is to open *all* of the schools, not to close them. The opening of the schools will establish *natural* proportions, as determined by interest and aptitude, of the various groups who compose our people, rather than the arbitrary proportions which now prevail.

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In dealing with the four preceding arguments, no account was taken of the role of colleges and universities in civilized culture. The schools are not the custodians of the forces of darkness, of ignorance, of bias, bigotry and hate. The schools cannot afford, not if they are to serve as centers of enlightenment, passively to accept the ill-founded prejudices of our society, to say nothing of actively abetting them. If the student body suffers from prejudices, these prejudices must be actively fought by and in the schools, not accepted and condoned. If the forces of bigotry and hate sap the human resources of our people, the schools must bring their considerable moral force to bear in the fight to correct resultant social inequities. The schools, moreover, have more than moral force in their armamentaria: they may reasonably regulate the size of their student bodies to the demands of society. They are thus placed in a position to meet society with an ultimatum: "Either you accept these Negro and Jewish engineers, doctors, lawyers, who are among the best that we can produce, or do without. We can no longer compromise with bigotry without compromising ourselves."

5. *The disproportionate number of minority group members in certain professional fields is a potent force making for anti-minority group feeling and fascism, as in Germany, Japan, Italy and Spain!*

Apart from the fact, which has already been alluded to, that it is difficult to establish and evaluate the forces pertaining to proportionate distribution of minority groups in the professions, this argument overlooks another fact, that discriminatory quotas, themselves create anti-minority group feelings. John Seth Arsenian in an article in *Psychiatry* has pointed out that, as a result of such quotas, the minority group members who do manage to get through the barriers are much more rigorously selected than those coming from dominant groups. This means, for example, that the average Jewish student is apt to be far superior to the average Gentile student — not because Jews are superior, but because only the *better* Jews can get in. As a consequence, the average Gentile may be constantly "outsmarted" by Jews and, almost

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inevitably, comes to resent them. Dr. Arsenian points out many other closely related effects of the quota system in the creation of hostile and derogatory feelings toward Jews.

6. *It is educationally sound practice to encourage the intermingling of students of all kinds and from all over the country. It is, therefore, necessary to institute geographical quotas, which limit the number of students accepted from any one locality, and which, while not aimed at any minority groups, nevertheless work hardships on such minority groups as happen to be concentrated in particular localities.*

In many cases, the second part of this argument is frankly admitted as a subterfuge for achieving minority group quotas in a "polite" way. A rigorous test of the sincerity of this argument for forced intermingling is again the question as to what extent its advocates would be willing to guarantee to Negroes their 10 per cent. In many cases, however, it is sincerely intended and must be dealt with as such.

The first part of the argument, while sound, cannot justify the pursuit of a practice which unduly deprives members of minority groups of their educational opportunities. It is indeed a sad commentary upon the majority group in American life when a Jewish population constituting less than 5 per cent of the total of our nation are, because of ambition and preparation, such a threat to the majority group that they are resented, and that undemocratic methods are used by the majority to exclude them from equal opportunities for competition.

Somewhere along the road to democracy, American higher education got impeded by a burden of traditions inconsonant with the very ideals ostensibly perpetuated by these traditions — and the schools were left behind. It is time old habits were sloughed off, and *all* young people given the opportunity to join hands in the great search for that new set of social relationships which will reveal the path of peace and light to a mankind groping and confused. It cannot be done by quota systems in old line, tradition-bound colleges and universities.

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The Natural History of the Will

Grace R. Foster

THE SCHOLAR, said Emerson, must reinforce man against himself. This service is doubly needed in a world that, although ravaged by war, has new and deadlier weapons of destruction placed too easily at hand. For the scholar there can be no ivory tower in such a world. His thought, his philosophy, stands rather as a watershed from which ideas flow out into active life — either to poison and destroy, or to refresh and make fertile. If he is to protect man against himself the scholar must have some knowledge of these angles of decision in the human mind. He must be able to trace back to their sources the ideas which have helped to bring about destruction.

German philosophy has been shown to be one of the sources of the ideology that made possible the Nazi rise to power. The torrent of evil which pushed this movement forward was made by sluicing over streams of thought from varied channels. Nietzsche was one philosopher whose ideas were all too easily diverted. Hitler was but echoing him when he said: "We are now at the end of the Age of Reason"; and "The intellect has grown autocratic and become a disease of life." Admirers of Nietzsche do not like to admit that to some extent Hitler was right in calling him a pioneeer of National Socialism. They point out that the Nazis, in using his phrases, also misused them; that he would have been among the first to be destroyed by the system he helped to hatch.

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His friends affirm that when he celebrated instinct, or will, placing it above reason, he was but challenging a world grown hypocritical and smug, calling attention to the fact that beneath its complacencies were violent, instinctive forces, explosive in quality, with which it must reckon.

Defenders of democracy, on the other hand, rallying to its intellectual defense, have suggested that in this choice between the celebration of the will and the celebration of reason, there is one of those divides which determine whether ideologies shall flow out into active life to do evil or to do good. They find in this opposition of will to reason the angle of decision that separates democracy from fascism. But the problem is not so simple. Emerson, who has been deservedly called the "Philosopher of Democracy," glorified the will with as much enthusiasm as did Nietzsche. Here, he said, is the seat of personality, the measure of power, and — "Man is man by virtue of his willing, not by virtue of his understanding."

Yet Emerson had an equal respect for reason. The following passage shows that between these two components of personality he saw an important and reciprocal relationship:

> The spiritual power of man is two-fold, mind and heart, intellect and morals; one respecting truth, the other the will. . . . Each is easily exalted in our thought until it seems to fill the universe and become the synonym of God. . . . Each has its vices, its proper dangers obvious when the opposite element is deficient. . . . But all great minds and all great hearts have mutually allowed the necessity of the twain.

In none of his writings did Emerson show more clearly his evaluation of the will than in the long essay on "The Natural History of the Intellect," from which this quotation was taken. The essay was based on material he had used in a series of lectures given at Harvard from 1870 to 1872. His biographer, James Cabot, wrote that Emerson seemed to regard this as the chief work of his life, that he had proposed writing it as early as 1837. While in London in 1848, Emerson gave a series of lectures on this topic, which he introduced with the question, "Why cannot the laws and powers of the mind be stated as simply and attractively as the physical laws are stated by Faraday and Owen?"

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When he presented the topic in 1870, he used a genetic or evolutional approach, which showed the natural history of the will as well as of the intellect. Despite the philosophic nature of his presentation, it bears a close resemblance to what today is termed depth psychology, or psychoanalysis. He asserted that both intellect and will develop from instinct, the source of both thought and feeling:

> Instinct is a shapeless giant in the cave, massive, without hands or fingers, or articulating lips or teeth or tongue; Behemoth, disdaining speech, disdaining particulars, lurking, surly, invincible, disdaining thoughts. . . . The instinct begins at this low point, at the surface of the earth, and works for the necessities of the human being; then ascends step by step to suggestions which are, when expressed, the intellectual and moral laws.

Nietzsche likewise used the natural history approach to explain what he meant by will. He too placed will at the center of personality and defined psychology as "the morphology and development doctrine of the will." He saw the entire instinctive life as the development and ramification of one fundamental form of will, the will to power. He said that in the course of evolution, man became different from animals because he developed such a host of antagonistic impulses and instincts that by the synthesis of these he became master of the earth. The requirements and capacities of the will to power, said Nietzsche, are the same as those assigned by physiologists to everything that lives, grows and multiplies; and its object is the feeling of growth, the feeling of increased power. Thus, because it seeks to incorporate within itself an ever-increasing number of external phenomena, will is the equivalent of the desire for greater strength and greater growth.

Neither Nietzsche nor Emerson is entirely consistent in his use of the term will. In Webster's *Unabridged* it is given some dozen definitions, which can be divided into two general groups — one which uses it as referring to the totality of irrational impulses, and the other to the conscious decision to act. On the whole, Nietzsche uses the term in the former sense, and Emerson in the latter. But both agree on its origin in instinct, and that it

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remains, throughout its entire natural history, "the innermost essence of being."

It is a well-known fact that Nietzsche derived his concept of will from Schopenhauer. That Emerson understood this interpretation is shown by a note in his diary for 1864, in which he quotes the definition given by Schopenhauer: "My great discovery is to show, how at the bottom of all things, there is only one force, always equal, and ever the same, which slumbers in plants, awakens in animals, but finds its consciousness only in man — the Will." To this quotation Emerson added the ironic comment: "But it seems, Schopenhauer, in his youth, learned Sanskrit, and learned his secret of the Buddhists."

To some extent Emerson used this Buddhist interpretation of the primacy of the will, for it was in accord with his profoundly religious nature. Will, he said, rests upon God himself. It derives from aboriginal nature and is coeternal with the world. It winds through dark channels and no one knows how it arrived here. Then when intellect awakens in man, the will comes into its own, for it is the revelation of thought that takes us out of servitude into freedom. To Emerson, as to Schopenhauer, it was the coming to consciousness of the will that gave it human dignity and significance. This led Emerson to make the sweeping assertion: "He has his life in Nature like a beast; but choice is born in him. Here is the Declaration of Independence — the July Fourth of zoology and astronomy."

Nietzsche was more concerned with the affirmation of the will than with its coming to consciousness. We must seek perfect life, he said, where it is least conscious. He believed that it paralyzed the will to investigate, to gather experience, to be cautious; that "the cultivation of mankind and the weakening of his force of will have always kept pace with one another." Nietzsche exuberantly demanded that men should will to self-augmentation, to aristocratic greatness. Reason might well be used as an instrument of the will, but it must not be allowed to curb its elemental force.

Emerson understood, just as Nietzsche did, that consciousness or thought had an inhibiting effect on instinctive forces. But he

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also saw that this inhibition, and this loss of elemental force, must be the price we pay for civilization. He, too, had reverence for the unconscious, and referred to it as "ever the act of God himself." But for human development it was necessary that this unconscious become conscious, that the irrational be put under the control of the rational. In the natural history of the will, as Emerson interpreted it, the awakening of consciousness was the event which had the greatest human significance; every new perception became "a certificate of advance out of fate into freedom."

One divide between the thinking of Emerson and that of Nietzsche lies at this point. The former had said, "The mental faculties are the transcendency of the physical and thereby we acquire a key to the sublimities that skulk and hide in the caverns of human consciousness." But Nietzsche reversed the order, saying that belief in the body is more fundamental than belief in the soul. Zarathustra said, "I effect to translate man back again into Nature. The terrible original text *homo natura* must again be recognized."

This watershed in the thought of the two philosophers, which divides on their interpretation of the will, can be viewed most clearly from the perspective of moral issues or results. Their very defining of the term shows the difference. Nietzsche wished it to be used naturalistically, though he does admit that there may be a hierarchy among appetites or irrational impulses. Emerson opposed to this its moral aspect: "The secret of the will is that it does what it knows absolutely good to be done, while other choices are of appetite, or of disease, or of an itching skin." Nietzsche wished to do away with the inhibiting effects of morality. Instead of moral values he chose naturalistic values, saying that "one only acts perfectly when one acts instinctively."

To be sure, this last remark might have been made by Emerson. His doctrine of self-reliance included faith in intuition, or inner promptings, and he had defined virtue as "spontaneity of will." However, when he said that the one serious and formidable thing in nature is will, that there can be no driving force except through the conversion of man into his will, he had also said that

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in order to generate this energy of will there must be a fusion of insight with affection, of mind with emotion. Such an integration was only possible, he asserted, when man had seen and recognized "the simple and terrible laws which seen or unseen pervade and govern." It is then that he can accept as guides, "Cause and Effect, those chancellors of God," and can see even in the curses of malignity and despair, important criticism, which can make him free if he interprets them aright. The volitional acceptance of such wisdom was to Emerson a goal in the evolution of the will: "The last lesson of life becomes voluntary obedience."

This problem of the integration of mind with emotion, of the rational with the irrational, has contemporary interest. In 1929, Princehorn, a leader of the so-called biocentric school of thought in Germany, spoke at an International Congress of Psychology at Yale, and made the statement that the whole development of psychology for about fifty years had been the result of the perspectives opened to investigation by Nietzsche. He explained this statement by the further claim that all so-called depth psychology or psychoanalysis stemmed from this same source.

Princehorn's school of thought had gone to such extremes in its anti-intellectualism that Thomas Mann had warned the German people, long before Hitler rose to power, that such over-emphasis on the dark, irrational forces could do great harm when applied to social and political life. Mann said that even though reason was weak, it was not to be despised. He urged that both areas of personality be accepted, the primitive and civilized, feeling and mind. He contended that Freud, whom the biocentrists opposed, had made a valuable contribution to modern culture by his analysis of this dualism. Freud's discoveries in the unconscious and his explorations in the dark regions of the soul, Mann insisted, were to the wholesome and therapeutic end of bringing these to consciousness.

Princehorn and his followers inveighed against volition as well as reason in their glorifying of the unconscious and the intuitive. The extremes to which they pushed the anti-intellectual statements of Nietzsche show how dangerous genius can be when divorced from responsibility. The aphoristic style which both

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Nietzsche and Emerson used was especially susceptible to such exploitation and distortion. The latter recognized this fact and lamented it: "It is the fault of our rhetoric that we cannot strongly state one fact without seeming to belie some other." But Nietzsche showed no such regret: "I am not a man, I am dynamite. . . . I am by far the most terrible man that has ever existed." The dark shadows of Dachau and Buchenwald hang over some of his words. Zarathustra said: "Break up, break up, I pray you, the good and the just!"

Here may be discerned another crucial division in the thinking of the two men. To both of them will was of pre-eminent importance for all aspects of life. But to Emerson it was also important that it be good will. Nietzsche, however, asserted that the errors that had resulted from good will have done more harm than those from ill will. Said Emerson, "So much benevolence a man hath, so much life hath he." Nietzsche's equation was quite contrary to this: "So much kindness, so much weakness; so much justice and pity, so much weakness." He would shudder, his friends assert, if he learned that as a direct sequence to such teaching, a Himmler would boast, "Many may not love us, but all shall fear us." They deplore the fact that Nietzsche was so unaware of the duty of thought to life, while at the same time they can excuse the arrogance of his Superman as representing his will to aristocratic greatness. But in a world that has awakened to the relation of philosophy to political reality, it is well to remember that the transition from Superman to Superrace is not difficult to make in a generation brought up on his drastic and brutal aphorisms, torn out of their contexts.

When Nietzsche asserted, "It is necessary for higher men to declare war upon the masses," he was thinking of Superman and a higher species. To battle the decadence he despised, he invoked warriors with strength of will to fight stodginess, complacency and inertia. All creators, he said, must be hard, for "Terribleness belongs to greatness." Emerson also disapproved of that human conformity and inertia which made individuals into masses. "Is it not the chief disgrace in the world," he asked, "not to be reckoned one character, not to yield that peculiar fruit which

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each man is created to bear, but to reckon in the gross, in the hundred or thousand of the party, or the section to which we belong?"

Like Nietzsche, he affirmed that it was strength of will that could pull man out of this morass of uniformity: "He alone is happy who has will; the rest are herds. He uses; they are used." But whereas Nietzsche saw this use of the weak by the strong as inevitable, Emerson saw it as a challenge to his belief in the worthiness and unique importance of each individual, no matter how humble. This nation could be strong and great only in so far as each citizen, as a self-reliant unit, used his will to become what God meant him to be. "The root and seed of democracy," said Emerson, "is — Judge for yourself, reverence yourself." The root and seed of fascism could not have flourished in an atmosphere created by such teaching, but Nietzsche made arrogance too easy. There was to be one morality for his Supermen and another for slaves. Zarathustra said that a sermon for slavery is, "Ye shall not will!"

It is in such explicit statements that the sharp divide in the political and social thought of the two philosophers shows most clearly. Nietzsche's admirers excuse his anti-democratic attitude by saying that he identified the democratic process with a mere leveling down, and that he was but expressing the spirit of his times that took for granted the servitude of the many for the comfort of the few. But this attitude permeates much of his thought, even to his denying freedom of will to all but his Supermen. Without freedom of the will, Emerson had contended there could be no morality, and he had set its attainment as the goal for every member of society: "Liberation of the will from sheaths and clogs of organization which he has outgrown is the end and aim of this world." He contended that with the freeing of the will, energy was released, and this made a democratic society more dynamic than any other. But Nietzsche held a different view. "Democracy," he said, "has in all ages been the form under which organizing strength has perished." For the sake of a fuller expression of the will to power, Nietzsche would reinforce the egotistic and individualistic instincts, but Emerson saw that the

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social, cooperative instincts, too, were necessary. The energy of will, he affirmed, could also be generated by affection, and "When souls reach a certain clearness of perception they accept a knowledge of motive beyond selfishness."

It has already been pointed out that in the natural history of the will, as Emerson interpreted it, this perception of a goal beyond self-seeking marked its highest development. But Nietzsche, in his transvaluation of values, sought to do away with this Christian ethic and return to pagan standards. However, there is a moral earnestness in the very fierceness of his revolt against what seemed to him decadence and hypocrisy. He, like Emerson, had come from a long line of Protestant clergymen, and like him had been pious in his youth. Neither of them could take his moral and religious heritage lightly. Unfortunately for himself and the world, Nietzsche never got beyond the stage of revolt, and his whole philosophy is built on what, in modern terms, is called a reaction-formation. Nor did he ever mature beyond the competitiveness of adolescence that he glorified in his Superman. Perhaps such immaturity of spirit is a mark of his incipient insanity, which by a cruel contagion helped to warp the thought of an entire nation. That there is much that is noble and inspiring in his teachings makes his tragedy the more poignant. He set for himself a mighty task: "To teach man that the future of humanity is his will . . . to put an end to the frightful rule of folly and chance that has hitherto gone by the name of history." But he failed to realize that naked will alone could not accomplish this.

History, said Emerson, is the action and reaction between Nature and Thought. Like Nietzsche he sought through spontaneity or intuition to make contact with "that unknown country which in the despair of language we call instinct," so that the energies of emotion could be tapped and that creative force which only Nature could give set free. But he saw what Nietzsche failed to see — that this force, to be constructive, must be harnessed by reason. Instead of revolting against his Christian heritage, he attempted to raise its ethic into the realm of the universal. "Jesus alone in all history," he said, "estimated the greatness of man, for he saw that God incarnates himself in man and ever more goes

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forth anew to take possession of his world." It was through benevolence, good will, that this spirit could be shown. Will, he said, is always miraculous, being the presence of God in man. It is the instant performing of what one ought, the advance to that which belongs to us — to what the inner compass ever points.

Modern man, suspicious of cant, grows restive when he hears such generalities in regard to morality and religion. The fierce, dramatic aphorisms of Nietzsche have a greater appeal because they challenge his primitive joy in action and destruction. Here indeed lies their greatest danger. It is always easier to destroy than to build up; to regress, rather than to move forward. To wipe out the moral heritage of two thousand years was easy, but to provide an alternative program to hold society together is more difficult. The nihilism of Nietzsche left a vacuum into which rushed the evil forces of jungle law and gangsterism. The world was given an object lesson in what it means to give instinct or the will to power full play, when, during the horrors of a pogrom, the Nazis could gloat, "It is the blood speaking."

Perhaps one reason why man becomes terrified at the ominous possibilities of releasing atomic energy, is that he has so recently been confronted by the fact that there are forces just as powerful and as dangerous locked up within himself. Depth psychology or psychoanalysis has been as merciless as Nietzsche's philosophy in disclosing the amoral impulses back of much that man has thought to be his moral ideals. Emerson too was interested in this "unmasking of consciousness," but he saw in the unconscious much that was good as well as evil.

Perhaps his optimism grew out of his faith — the core of our democratic and Christian tradition — in the potentiality and worth of each individual. No citizen has given more solicitous thought to the moral verities underlying that tradition, and his conclusions are a wholesome antidote to the fatal blusterings of Nietzsche. He understood the interdependence of emotion and thought, and saw in the unconscious an ally as well as an enemy. He said that the function of natural history was to explain man to himself, and he set for himself the office of being "a naturalist of the soul" because he knew that only through self-understanding

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could democratic man attain self-reliance and self-realization. He taught that the instinctive forces are to be trusted, for in these the will is rooted, and from these men draw their strength. But he saw, as Nietzsche so tragically failed to see, that consciousness must illuminate and guide the will, or it goes astray. It is consciousness that makes possible moral choice, so that we become "of the maker and not the made"; for it is thought that "resists the brute whirl of fate and gives to Nature a master." It makes possible, Emerson said, the direction of the will to universal ends, which is the basis of all morality. It makes possible the education of the will, which is "the object of our existence."

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Correction

We regret that in our Spring, 1946, issue there were two errors on page 212 in the biographical note on Dr. Ludlow Griscom, author of the article, "The Passing of the Passenger Pigeon." Dr. Griscom is research curator of zoology, not director, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard College, and he is chairman of the board of the National Audubon Society.

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Continental Divide

Wilson O. Clough

"Look!" he called sharply. "Look!" his head half turned,
His fishing rod extended for a pointer,
His footing firm, his body taut and eager,
His face alight at being first to see;
His voice the voice you use when you've discovered
A rarity, an Indian tomahawk,
A deep-marsh bloom, an eagle brought to earth:
"Look here! Here's something you won't often see!"
Coming along, I stared, not certain what
To fix upon. I saw a tiny stream,
Hardly a full-length step from bank to bank;
Some sturdy, spiraled pines near timberline,
Their needles sparsely strewn on rock-ribbed soil;
Sparse grasses, nervous in the fresh, high breeze;
And water spilling from the sills and eaves
Of snowbanks piled roof-like upon the summits;
Or, hushed with distance, lower gorges threading
Pine-purple hills and humps and lesser shoulders;
The always moving vistas of these heights,
And space — and space — and still the spacious sky —
"Come, use your eyes! Here's something you won't see
From here to Timbuctoo!" Impatiently
His rod tip nudged the little hurrying rill.
The water chuckled low. It played around
A little point of land, a dark-earth wedge
That split the stream. Waters divided here —
Divided here! The laggard mind drew breath,
And opened wide to take a continent in:
This was the spot — the watershed, the ridge,
The earth-sphere line of all America;

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Busily separating right from left,
While we looked on. And this way East, the *Platte*,
Missouri, Mississippi, no way back;
And that way West, the Little Snake, the Yampa,
The Green, the Colorado's mighty ditch.
This drop Atlantic bound; this fellow drop
Pacific drawn — and here before our eyes . . . .
The eastward tumbling gorge, the westward slope —
There was no doubt — and each forever leaving
The continental vertebra behind.
We turned once more to mark the very spot.
A wavering weed inclined, antenna-like,
Restlessly touching, bouncing on the stream,
As if to gauge the line invisible.
We scratched it twenty feet behind the wedge,
And drew it on the air, and stood perplexed.
The waters gushed beneath an eastern bank
But, thrust athwart the slope by some low bulge,
They veered and crossed this lower saddle-back —
Or almost crossed, for here the subtle law
Had caught and held the balance for a fraction,
And set the imperceptible divide.
The imperceptible divide — though still
Perceptible enough in consequence.
And yet the line, from land's end arrow point
To western bank, and how it worked to part
The waters here, just here, and nowhere else,
Eluded. Mind was sure, and yet unsure.
East, West, the signs we know. Yet here to shave
The line to less than hairsbreadth subtlety. . . .
Line is a length, nor breadth nor thickness found,
And point is less, and has position only,
Extent and parts unknown; and all is south,
If we but measure from the northern pole.
These are the facts serene, and these the proofs.
And yet — and yet — how firm and sure the line,
How wide the ways, how far apart the drops
That rushed upon their swift decision here.

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Silently standing, each pursued his thought;
And he, constant in fealty to his faith,
Extracting fresh allegiance and a moral;
And I content with earth's abundant uses,
And earth's clean workshop ways, and hills, and skies.
"I'll take the West," he said. "The way is farther,
But there are lakes I'd like to try once more;
Besides, the West has much the longer view.
I'll have the bigger fish, and maybe more."
"And I the Eastern way," I said at last.
"The pools are not so far apart, and though
I may not be the fisherman you are,
I'll show some catch — perhaps my limit, too."
We smiled, acknowledging the hidden theme,
Another sort of unseen, parting line,
With ways that branched. For him the ancient "call,"
For me empiric, present urgencies.
For him no compromise, despite my saying
That at the distant pole all ways converge,
And there the deepest oceans blend, and there
No line is found.

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The Limitations of Franz Kafka

Harry Slochower

THE cult of Franz Kafka began during his own lifetime. It was at first confined to a small group led by Max Brod, who proclaimed Kafka's genius. Since very little of his work was published at the time, the Kafka-legend took on a semi-mythical character. It was not until well after his death and the publication of his major work that the cult spread from Germany and Austria to England, France and the Americas.

Hermann Hesse called him "the secret king of German prose." He has been praised by Thomas and Klaus Mann. In England, Stephen Spender, Dylan Thomas, Aldous Huxley, Hugh Walpole, Rex Warner, and above all, Edwin Muir and W. H. Auden spread the gospel. Muir translated his three novels, *The Great Wall of China* and other short pieces, introducing them with inspired eulogies. The Argentinian critic Claude-Edmonde Magny wrote that Kafka has forged myths similar to those of the ancient religions.

In this country, the Kafka wave began with the American edition of *The Castle* in 1930 and *The Trial* in 1937. *Twice a Year* published additional material by and on him under the title *Franz Kafka: A Miscellany* in 1940. *New Directions* has since taken him up, declaring that "Franz Kafka symbolizes perfectly the kind of writer for whom *New Directions* was originated." Several publishing houses are also planning studies on him.

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The apotheosis of Kafka was reached in Auden's statement, made in 1941, that he "bears the same kind of relation to our age that Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe bore to theirs." For some circles, no other writer of our time approaches Kafka in depth of insight. "Talk of him there," Max Lerner remarks, "and you get as response the subterranean intensity of the early Christian fathers, wrapped often in incommunicable symbols. This catacomb Kafka is not healthy."

Lerner himself regards Kafka as an authentic genius with "a lonely and almost nihilist quality." If by "authentic," we mean one's "own," and by "genius" a native power which carries through one's life and destiny, Kafka was an authentic genius. One must be impressed by the strange force and eerie relevance of Kafka's phantasies. Yet this genius was severely limited, both in the range of his vision and in his artistry.

Before discussing these limitations, we might note a critique of Kafka from another angle, made by Edwin Berry Burgum — the only adverse criticism of Kafka I have come across. Burgum's denigration is almost unqualified. He calls him "psychopathic," and holds that in *The Burrow*, Kafka's anxieties had become "psychotic." He even believes that "a large percentage of Kafka's admirers," excluding many critics, "share his disorders of personality." His article seeks to establish that "the progress of his personal deterioration paralleled the degeneration of the society that produced him." In particular, he links Kafka's "bankruptcy of faith" to the bureaucracy of postwar democratic forms.

To speak of Kafka as "psychotic," especially in his last years, is to go counter to all the known facts. At the time *The Burrow* was written, Kafka was enjoying the only happiness of his life with a woman he loved. The "animal" in the story, Brod tells us, was to Kafka the representation of his fatal tuberculous illness — not madness, as Burgum sees it.

There is more to be said for Burgum's analysis of Kafka in terms of the perplexity and vacillation of the postwar world. But he makes the astonishing error of interpreting Kafka's writing, especially *The Trial*, as "symbolic of the change in the Ger-

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man personality structure as a result of bureaucracy under the Weimar Republic." *The Trial* was written in 1914 and 1915, and Kafka's major work was completed by the time the Republic was established. To be sure, Kafka does expose the evils of bureaucracy. But it is gratuitous to assume that it was the bureaucracy of democratic forms that he rejected. Is the Castle which Burgum sees as "obviously a criticism of the organizational hierarchy in the Roman Catholic Church in the inaccessible recesses of the Vatican" the democracy of the Republic?

Kafka's dilemma, according to Burgum, lies in his individualism: "Stated in political terms, his dilemma was that he could not become a fascist. Not its cruelty but its apparent denial of individualism prevented." Karl in *Amerika* "accepts the philosophy and psychology of rugged individualism." This ignores the fact that Karl is made to suffer from the type of individualism he meets with in America. In general, Kafka's characters are not happy in their individualistic withdrawal. Their problem arises precisely because the social category and social guilt is imbedded *within* their individuality.

Franz Kafka has been hailed as our profoundest religious thinker as well as the most extraordinary artist of our day. Muir and others place Kafka's religious insight on a level with Pascal's and Kierkegaard's, and John Kelly points to its affinity with Karl Barth as well. Now, Kafka's writing is not explicitly religious. Aside from fragmentary entries in his diaries, Kafka's idiom is non-religious. He has no direct recourse to God-terms, to religious categories such as grace, sacrifice, damnation and salvation. Essentially, he was a writer of novels, stories and parables. Perhaps Kafka's main interest and motivation were religious. But clearly, we cannot ignore the long-established principle that *the form* in which a writer presents his doctrine is intrinsic and central to its import. If there is a philosophy and theology in Kafka, it is to be found and is to be evaluated in terms of his imaginative work. His final significance must rest on the range, sensuousness and resonance of his art.

The limitation of Kafka appears first in the strict narrowness of his subject matter. His work consists of but spare modifications

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of a single theme: all of his characters are in search of Justice, Truth or Goodness, and all of them much in the same way. Throughout, it is reiterated again and again that modern existence intercepts and obstructs these quests by an infinite hierarchy of stages. This signle-mindedness gives his work a certain force. But it makes for a slender aesthetic compass. It severely limits its flexibility and manifoldness. In a sense, Kafka's theme is exhausted after the first chapters. Thereafter, we get regular variations of the motif sounded at the beginning. There is no dramatic development of plot or character and little suspense. Edwin Muir, perhaps the staunchest admirer of Kafka's style, himself implicitly admits this limitation. He states that Kafka was concerned with religious *truth*. He was not concerned with religious *characters*, as were Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Undset or Claudel, whose characters have passions besides those for religious truth.

This distinction suggests the thinness of Kafka's characters. His work is clearly projection. Most of the short stories are written in the "I" or "we" form. Brod also tells us that *The Castle* seems to have been begun as a story in the first person. Moreover, the novels are written from a single focus. Events are seen almost throughout from the angle of the protagonist. The problems are his and his alone, and the dialogues are in the nature of "lonely debates," to use Houston Peterson's phrase. The "I" seems to be seeking, reflecting and addressing itself.

Now, art-works may be viewed as centering in an overall character, with the rest forming various attributes. Thus, *The Brothers Karamazov* may be understood as containing one total complex figure of whom Mitya, Ivan, Alyosha, Smerdyakov and the others are diverse aspects, or *Faust* as a battleground between the Faustian and Mephistophelian powers within Faust himself. But in such instances the "aspects" are both present and visible as separate and distinct forms. They have faces, move and act in relation to one another. They carry on a concrete life of their own.

In Kafka's stories, "the others" have no concretized existence. They are shadowy epiphenomena. They have no personality of their own, no individual life or legitimacy. This is, indeed, the very essence of the "enemy" in Kafka. The High Court of *The*

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Trial, the Authorities of *The Castle* are meant to be unreachable and invisible. The more intense the efforts of Joseph K. and of K. to get to them, the farther away they stray from them. This is central to Kafka's conception that authority is no longer a personal God, a chieftain or lord, but has become the impersonality of delegates, gadgets, representatives and other variations of bureaucratic means. Kafka is picturing the absence or the difficulty of assigning personal responsibility to some particular individual.

The theme of the impersonal enemy is characteristic of modern literature as a whole. Grampa in *The Grapes of Wrath*, for example, is outraged that he is being driven off his land, and wants to get "the man" who is responsible for this. But he cannot get to an organization, cannot fight a communal ghost hiding behind shifting and elusive powers. The case is similar in Zola's *Germinal*. We might even refer to Greek tragedy, in which the antagonist is also conceived as an impersonal *Moira*.

Yet these very examples illustrate the contrast to Kafka. While ancient *Moira* and the modern trust and cartel are elusive, the artists give us a feeling of living sensuousness by the creation of concrete situations, events and characters. In Zola, "evil" is embodied through Chaval, in Tolstoy through Anatol and Anna Karenina; in Shakespeare through Claudius, Lady Macbeth, Iago, Goneril; in Goethe through Mephisto; in Steinbeck, Anna Seghers, Thomas Mann, Malraux and other contemporaries, through similar characters. Herman Melville, also concerned with the elusiveness of the quest, finally does *show* us Moby Dick as an actual physical whale, describes him to us even as he remains fugitive, delusive and unconquerable. Kafka's centering on a single character narrows the field of dramatic action to the point where it becomes a kind of monologue which can go on indefinitely — perhaps one reason why his novels had to be "unfinished."

The situation is similar with respect to Kafka's protagonists. While they are identifiable as bellhops, bank clerks, assessors, this is about all we know of them. They remain more or less anonymous and indistinguishable. They understand themselves

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as little as they understand and are understood by others. Kafka's slim and anemic K's lack the full personalities of Orestes, Hamlet, Faust, Ivan — even of Ahab or Leopold Bloom, who face similar dilemmas.

This lack of sensuousness also characterizes the scenic situation in Kafka's work. The plot takes place in a kind of eternal present, having a shifting spatial frame. It is this unreality of time and space that precludes real causation and real action in his world. That is, his writing is lacking in genuine dramatic conflict. For this reason, there is no catharsis in Kafka's art. The feeling of dread and anxiety is rarely lifted, and at the end the reader is still in the grip of the modern furies. It is not a question of an "unhappy ending." The great classical heritage is mainly that of tragedy; and the modern novel, from *Madame Bovary* and *The Possessed* to *The Buddenbrooks* and *The American Tragedy*, also ends on a tragic note. We are "purged" of pity and fear because the enemy appears in dramatic-sensuous form which can be *met*. Defeat at its hands is rendered noble precisely because it has been met.

No such freedom issues from Kafka. Anguish remains frozen to the end. His passionless dialectic does not resolve tension. Measured by the aesthetic fullness which we associate with superior writing — the complex, rich interrelationships among characters, the manifold of aspirations, passions, frustrations, the concrete form of their situation — Kafka's art appears scant and thin.

Art is distinguished from science and philosophy in that its universals are not abstracted but embodied in a particular form. There is nothing more individual than an art-work. Now, art cannot be greater than the climate in which it operates. And the anemic nature and subject matter of our art corresponds to the devitalization of our cultural epoch. But we have degrees of abstraction in modern life and art. In Kafka it reaches the borderline moving over toward the scientific, philosophic or religious formula. That is, Kafka does not *earn* his depth in aesthetic terms.

To be sure, Kafka's limitations also contain his virtues. His very restricted nucleus gives it compactness. While he does not present a strict religioso-philosophical scheme, he is concerned

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with basic principles, and at least suggests the regions that border on original and ultimate mysteries. The First and Final Causes remain a secret in Kafka, and the attempts to make him out to be a "sensible" rationalist warring against mystifications does him even less justice than those who stress only his mystical trend.

In the midst of our tinkering with gadgets, instruments, experiments, Kafka reminds us of primary concerns. He pictures modern man as diverted from the basic quest by a busy-ness civilization; living more by pure dialectic than physical activity; communicating more through telegraph and telephone than conversation; getting things done by intermediaries, substitutes, specialists, by pushing buttons and levers. Life is no longer a whole. It is split up between the office, the entertainment place, the country resort. And Kafka's picture of man driven, hunted and haunted by impersonal objects, is in the nature of a protest against "things riding mankind," against their becoming the measure of man — in short, against man being used as a commodity.

Yet, while Kafka presented the ambiguity of "the Castle," he knew it must be replaced by another and humanized social pattern if man's actions are to have a measure of responsibility. And, as against his individualistic disciples, Kafka knew that the self needs to go beyond itself to find the fullest expression of its individuality. He did not penetrate far enough toward historical conditioning to distinguish between necessary and avoidable evil, to see the greater bearing of temporal pressures on *la condition humaine*. Nor did Kafka have enough of the hope which lies in converting experience into consciousness; he was unable to communicate the identity of the enemy. Perhaps the enemy was too deeply submerged in him to become "known," and it was not possible for him to find the perspective and "distance" necessary for aesthetic embodiment.

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Revision after Revision

Henry J. Cadbury

Zeale to promote the common good, whether it be by deuising anything our selues, or reuising that which hath bene laboured by others, deserueth certainly much respect and esteeme, but yet findeth but cold intertainment in the world. It is welcomed with suspicion in stead of loue, and with emulation in stead of thankes: and if there be any hole left for cauill to enter, (and cauill, if it doe not finde a hole, will make one) it is sure to bee misconstrued, and in danger to be condemned. This will easily be granted by as many as know story, or haue any experience. (*The Translators to the Reader, 1611*)

ON MAY 17, 1881, at a solemn convocation in London the first copies of the Revised Version of the New Testament were laid before the House of Bishops, and another copy was presented to Queen Victoria. The same day at daybreak the book was put on sale in New York City, and 800,000 copies were reported sold there before the close of business. In February, 1946, a similar ceremony took place in Columbus, Ohio, except that there were present not the bishops of one church but the united representatives of most of American Protestantism, and no queen took part in the proceedings. From 1881 to 1946 is only sixty-five years, but prior to 1881 no such event had occurred for an interval more than four times as long. For the famous King James or Authorized Version of 1611 was itself only a revision of a series of earlier English Testaments going back with relatively little change to the New Testament of William Tyndal of 1524.

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Persons who regard the Authorized Version as original and final naturally question the validity of the new publication. There were persons in 1611 who were likely to feel the same way, and therefore those early revisers prepared a careful preface. This preface anticipates in many ways the problems of subsequent revisers, and since it is as unfamiliar as the version it explained is familiar, I shall intersperse quotations from it in discussing the recurrent problems of all successive revisions of the Bible.

I

> . . . *Truly* (*good Christian Reader*) *we neuer thought from the beginning, that we should neede to make a new Translation, nor yet to make of a bad one a good one, but to make a good one better, or out of many good ones, one principall good one, not iustly to be excepted against; that hath bene our indeauour, that our marke. To that purpose there were many chosen, that were greater in other mens eyes then in their owne, and that sought the truth rather then their own praise.*

Though nearly every person of any education has some first-hand experience of translating from one language to another, the problem of providing an even semi-official revision of the English New Testament involves a number of special problems for which solutions are found with difficulty and often only by a kind of compromise.

First of all must be established the text from which the translation is to be made. The New Testament has come down to us not in the original manuscripts of its authors, but in numerous copies of the Greek which are probably several steps removed from the original, and in translations from the Greek into other languages. While the many variants resulting from this process of repeated copying are rarely of great extent or great importance, they do mean that before translation begins they must be sifted and weighed and a decision reached as to their relative merits. The English translators of the King James and still earlier Bibles were not much bothered with this question in the New Testament. The Greek manuscripts that they knew were comparatively uniform. Since their time older and better evidence

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has come to hand and continues to do so. It proves pretty conclusively that certain familiar passages were not in the original and that others once read differently. Following the labors of the textual critics the translator must excise these additions and must base his rendering upon what seems to be, in every case of alternatives, the oldest form of Greek text.

II

> *. . . it hath pleased God in his diuine prouidence, heere and there to scatter wordes and sentences of that difficultie and doubtfulnesse, not in doctrinall points that concerne saluation, (for in such it hath beene vouched that the Scriptures are plaine) but in matters of lesse moment, that fearefulnesse would better beseeme vs then confidence, and if we will resolue, to resolue vpon modestie. . . .*

Next comes the question: What does the Greek mean? Usually that is pretty evident to those who have specialized in the study of the language, though here also new knowledge slowly accumulates, and later generations have added to the altogether admirable philological learning available to the older translators. Like English, the Greek has been a long-lived language. In three thousand years or more, new Greek words have come into use and old words have become obsolete. Some words have changed their meanings and others have carried more than one meaning at the same time. The New Testament translator must needs know what a given word meant in the first century of our era, and in particular what a word or sentence means in the context of what he is translating. Because they have been dead many centuries, he cannot ask either the author or any of his contemporaries what a word or phrase means. Though Greek is not a dead language, first-century Greek is a past idiom, not a living one. To scholars of equal merit or to a single scholar, a passage may seem to permit of quite different understandings. Here again choice is necessary, based upon mature judgment and specialized training.

If one were writing a commentary on the New Testament, or even a translation with editorial notes, these matters of choice in text and meaning could be extensively indicated. The Bible-reading public wants something simpler — with few notes and

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with the appearance of a straightforward text. Hence the translator must content himself with making decisions which vary greatly in the certainty that he feels about them, while still being unable to indicate to the unsuspecting reader this variation. Even in such a simple passage as the Lord's Prayer, if he could be entirely candid, he would have to indicate that the adjective in "daily bread" is so rare that its meaning is not really known to us, and that the last word, "evil," can be either masculine or neuter, and if the latter, more probably moral than physical evil.

III

> . . . *wee might iustly feare hard censure, if generally wee should make verball and vnnecessary changings. . . . But we desire that the Scripture mya speake like it selfe, as in the language of* Canaan, *that it may bee vnderstood euen of the very vulgar.*

There are other respects in which the special use and history of the English New Testament puts restrictions and tensions on the translating committee. The older translations have a familiarity of language which ought not to be lightly changed. Changes should be made only to correct the text or the meaning when the old was apparently in error, and to remove those features of the English language which make it obscure or misleading or unnatural today. In its changing life English usage has sloughed off much that was once contemporary, and in order that the Bible should speak with no uncertain sound to men of today it must speak in language "understanded of the people." If it is not to be circulated exclusively in Greek or exclusively in Latin, neither should it be limited to the "dead language" stage of English. As in 1611 our aim should be "to deliver God's book unto God's people in a tongue which they understand."

Intelligible modern English, however, has its variation, and the translator is again faced with a choice. Just what tone of modern English shall he adopt? A new revision must decide, probably by a process of sampling and trial, in what key to pitch its style. It must not be vulgar, except in the ancient sense of general, but if it is too formal or elegant it will misrepresent the original.

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Of course one may argue that the Bible is an alien book at best. Even humanly speaking, it belongs to a different age and culture from our own, and some would add that it is not a natural human product at all. I think that it is for these reasons, as well as for its familiarity, that many persons unconsciously cling to the old-fashioned English translation. They like its archaisms as reminders of its alien and exotic origin.

The conscientious translator is plainly here under tension. He has no desire to make the Bible seem commonplace. He cherishes the literary and religious values which have for four centuries been mediated by the language of Tyndal and his successive revisers. The best of its old rhythm he would retain or restore or would match it with new. Even familiar words, especially in loved or well-known passages, he would not recklessly disturb.

But the translator has as well another responsibility, especially to the coming generation and to the common people. These cannot be expected to depend for their understanding of the Bible on the kind of educational process by which a few of us can learn to understand Chaucer and the obscurer parts of Shakespeare. In loyalty to that responsibility, the modern reviser will omit the generally obsolete pronouns *thou* and *ye* and the verb forms in *-st* and *-th*. He will say *who* rather than *which* for persons, and *its* rather than *his* for things. He will admit the auxiliary verb *do* in negative and interrogative sentences. He will avoid words and meanings which are no longer current in contemporary speech. The translator's two responsibilities can sometimes be felicitously combined, but when they clash with each other, the choice between the familiar on the one hand and the accurate and clear on the other presents him with an unhappy dilemma.

Another choice to be made by every new set of revisers concerns the degree of literalness to be employed. This dilemma in translating is not peculiar to the Bible, but it is an urgent and difficult problem. Obviously a literal translation is sometimes the best. In the case of simple narrative or teaching like the Gospels it is often quite adequate. But sometimes there, and often elsewhere, a literal rendering is either obscure or positively misleading.

In spite of its great advance over the King James Version in

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many respects, the authors of the Revised Version of 1881 (American Edition 1901) adopted a policy of word for word translation. That has its advantages for one who compares the Greek or who holds to a theory of verbal inspiration. Another school of translators might well adopt, with no less respect or loyalty to the original, another plan of procedure.

How far paraphrase and substitution should extend is a question raised by a further observation. The New Testament differs from us not only in language but in the life and manners which it describes. How far should these be transposed, as well as translated, so as to be described in equivalent modern terms? Frequently indeed we have no equivalent. Our dress, our food, our furniture, our coins and measures provide only a few of the most obvious instances of this sort of problem. I know no translation that attempts uniformly to transpose everything from that culture to ours, nor do I know of any translation that does not partially do so. How far to go is the question, since obviously here again both the literal and the non-literal rendering are partly deceptive.

Another problem to be worked out, partly in conjunction with the publisher, is the physical presentation of the translation. Already changes have been made from time to time. The King James Version resolutely excluded, in 1611, controversial notes and prefaces which were unfortunate features of some earlier versions. It was published first in a very bulky volume in Gothic type, but its publishers soon moved over to the handier octavo size and to the more legible Roman type. The spelling of its words was silently changed in successive printings to agree with later usage, though burial and swaddling cloths continued the old spelling "clothes," and "strain at a gnat" was not corrected to "strain out."

The Revised Version of 1881 (1901) abandoned the printing of verses as separate paragraphs. Instead it paragraphed the text according to sense and modern usage. Further changes now in order are the dropping of italics (since these were formerly used to indicate not important words, but words not represented in the Greek), the introduction of quotation marks, and some other ad-

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justments of punctuation to suit modern usage. Verse numbers must be made as inconspicuous as possible so as not to distract the reader, and footnotes must still be kept to a minimum.

IV

. . . And in what sort did these assemble? . . . not too many, lest one should trouble another; and yet many, lest many things haply might escape them.

A final feature to be mentioned of the series of authorized versions is that the work is a collective enterprise. While an individual's free lance translation of the Bible is entirely legitimate — in spite of a phrase in the New Testament itself about "private interpretation" — there are precedents and reasons for having the successive revisions undertaken by a committee. That of 1611 divided the New Testament between two committees, of seven and eight persons each. That of 1881 had about twenty-five British scholars, with sixteen Americans meeting separately and collaborating by correspondence. The revision of 1946 was the work primarily of nine men.

The compromises which the individual makes unconsciously when working alone become more conscious when committee members differ in opinion and votes; but there is some safety in numbers, since in a discussion more aspects of a problem are presented than any individual would have considered. The substantial unanimity resulting in most cases is reassuring to the translators, though not easily or accurately transmitted to the public. For the public can little understand that every word has to be weighed, even if it is left just as it was translated before, and that the easy flowing wording of a single verse represents at times long and repeated debate, sometimes ending in unity and sometimes in a well-justified difference of judgment — in which the translators, while unanimously or by majority favoring one Greek text or one English rendering, also accepted as quite possible another alternative. These less-favored alternatives constitute the bulk of the few marginal notes which modern revisers have allowed themselves.

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V

. . . neither, to be short, were we the first that fell in hand with translating the Scripture into English, and consequently destitute of former helpes. . . . Neither did wee thinke much to consult the Translators or Commentators; neither did we disdaine to reuise that which we had done, and to bring backe to the anuill that which we had hammered: but hauing and vsing as great helpes as were needfull, and fearing no reproch for slownesse, nor coueting praise for expedition, wee haue at the length, through the good hand of the Lord vpon us, brought the worke to that passe that you see.

Whatever the scholarly advantages of translations by groups of workers, the process involved provides many pleasant social compensations to those who are thus engaged. Intimate and prolonged sessions, sometimes a fortnight at a time, over a period of years, give opportunity for much that is more sociable and in lighter vein than the concentrated effort to render a succession of Greek sentences into acceptable English. Indeed, the sense of fellowship extends in each generation back over the years to earlier revisers and to the many scholars in many lands. The books lying used and convenient for use about the modern workshop — books by translators, lexicographers, grammarians and commentators — are a present reminder of the succession of reverent and devoted attention which this most studied of all books has received.

Other men have labored, and we have entered into their labors. This process cannot stop in 1611 or in 1881 or in 1946. Slowly, not spectacularly, knowledge of Greek text and language may be expected to grow, and the English language to change. At some future date a new set of revisers will again echo the words of 1611:

. . . as nothing is begun and perfited at the same time, and the later thoughts are thought to be the wiser: so, if we building vpon their foundation that went before vs, and being holpen by their labours, doe endeuour to make that better which they left so good; no man, we are sure, hath cause to mislike vs; they, we perswade our selues, if they were aliue, would thanke vs.

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Old Nick and His Traducers

Richard Christopherson

> Machiavelli sought to distinguish the realm of what ought to be and the realm of what is. He rejected the first for the second. But there is a third realm: the realm of what can be. It is in that realm that what one might call a humanist realism can lie. The measure of man is his ability to extend this sphere of the socially possible. We can start with our democratic values, and we can start also with Machiavelli's realism about tough-minded methods. And we may yet find that an effective pursuit of democratic values is possible within the scope of a strong and militant state and an unsentimental realism about human motives.
>
> — MAX LERNER.

IN THE gradual rehabilitation of Niccolo Machiavelli, all indictments have faded except those questioning whether his realism is ultimately realistic. According to the prevailing winds of our utilitarian epoch, criticism no longer asks that a political philosopher be moral; it merely asks that his amorality work to produce a government that meets men's needs. Thus Machiavelli himself assures us (with whatever qualifications) that "everybody" knows "how laudable it is for a prince to keep good faith and live with integrity. . . ." And even as idealistic a political thinker as Max Lerner admits, "Ideals and ethics are important in politics as norms, but they are scarcely effective as techniques." Gone are the days when virtue thought of "Old Nick" as the devil incarnate. We appear to have reached a stage where the area of disagreement is growing alarmingly small.

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Yet within this stunted shadow land, where politics lives apart from ethics, the opponents of Machiavellism are enjoying a unilateral paradise. "Here lies his own home ground," they announce grandly, though with an unmistakable imputation that their antagonist is too slippery a customer to fight on any other. Here also lies the home ground of Bismarck, who characterized politics as "the art of the possible, the attainable." And here Machiavellism must live or die: there is no alternative offered.

To my mind, Machiavelli needs no alternative. Let us examine this charge of moral nihilism. If contemporary criticism can be trusted, his *Prince* should be read only in the light of his *Discourses*. We may then conclude, with Charles McCoy, "that Machiavelli valued above all things the common good realized by a free people, and that his *Prince* was written for the purpose of eliciting the aid of a strong man in bringing the Italian people out of their condition of political corruption." Of course, even abandoning the *Prince* as an absolutist potboiler, we still have an analyst of limited objectives. Machiavelli could never shine in a perfectionist firmament, if only because he was willing to postpone the future's common good for an assurance of power — and relative good — today.

Whatever the restraints imposed by this apparent abandonment of ethics, however, there have as yet been few attempts to deny to Machiavelli a solid core of realism. Most critics will agree with Allan Gilbert's interpretation that, "There are open to the prince two courses: one, devotion to the principles of morality; the other, devotion to the good of his people. . . . For Niccolo there is no debate. The duty of the prince is to his people." That this choice has outraged the decencies of certain susceptible Daniels come to judgment should surprise no one. According to McCoy, it begins to appear as though "not being attached to the principles of morality is the real and exemplar cause of the common good," whose very existence, indeed, has been "already perverted by its inner principle of evil."

Perverted, certainly; but perversion alone cannot make a practicing politician useless to society. Only if he thereby fails to reflect a proper image of government, strong and responsive, will

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his realism be impugned. It must be remembered that life itself, besides being the predicament which precedes death, is a constant selective process. Accordingly, Machiavelli picked his "ends," penultimate though they may seem. Power as a goal is for him assumed, but power principally as a vehicle for realizing what he conceived to be the common good. That his allegiance to the primacy of time over justice interferes with our accustomed moral imperatives is unfortunate. However, it is finally damning only if humanity must prefer destruction to life under a Machiavellian regime.

Superficially at least, there is no reason to suppose that a literal application of Machiavelli's "ends" automatically controverts a stable body politic. Nor are his goals mutually exclusive. As a matter of fact, the pursuit of power as a means to the common good will be accepted by most men of reason as the motivation behind every beneficent government. Niccolo Machiavelli is perhaps less definite than Charles Merriam, who sets up external security and internal order (for "power"), and justice, general welfare and freedom (for "the common good") as milestones along the road to a perfect polity. Yet the four centuries intervening between these two philosophers have produced a remarkably slight change. Since values almost inevitably mirror the external plight of their particular eras, it can at least be doubted whether freedom first is any more universal than power first.

What, then, makes power anathema? Surely a vague impulse toward the common good, if armed only by a disinclination to assume responsibility, would offer poor compensation for the loss of power. Of course, there are many substitute impulses. You may prefer Locke's protection for private property, or Hobbes' security from violent death, or Carlyle's faith in the captains of industry, or Filmer's deification of Charles I. All these motives and many more have strained their very foundations to attain meager identification with the simple, Machiavellian final goal: all these and many more have motivated aspirants for public office or influence.

And yet every last one of them collapses utterly without the exercise of authority. To Machiavelli, a lack of public spirit is the

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chief symptom of corruption. So it must similarly appear to each political realist at some time or other in his progress. Wherever his crowning objective may lie, whether in Machiavelli's common good or in some less lofty concept, he cannot attain to greatness without stooping to conquer. If Max Lerner's extension of the "sphere of the socially possible" is worth anything at all, it is at least worth such a mass as Henry IV of Navarre had said for Paris. How often have we foundered progress to save some sterile principle!

Though a thoroughgoing investigation of Machiavellian realism must consider practitioners of his black art, empirical study never seems quite so futile as when confronted with a working political system based for the record on a theory of political action. Such swarms of interpretation, both conscious and unconscious, have clouded the Florentine's original lucid atmosphere that as wide divergences exist in Machiavellism as in Marxism — and for the same reason. Experience keeps a hard school where principle is concerned, but fools or saints can learn in no other.

In one sense, however, no sentimental hesitancy need hinder our condemnation of professed Machiavellians. It is relatively certain that a politician who boasts at length how great a debt he owes the Florentine thereby sins with respect to his acknowledged forerunner, since presumed fraud is not a virtue that should be cherished in public. Machiavelli himself preached too much to keep his practice valid. Nevertheless, while admitting the difficulty of appraising contributions of outspoken Machiavellians toward proving or disproving their prototype's contentions, we may at least consider the case of a representative.

On Adolf Hitler's own word, which comes very close to being no word at all, he was an absolute master of Machiavellian cunning. He even kept the *Prince* next to his bed, where it served as a constant source of inspiration. Jacques Maritain would undoubtedly class him as an exponent of Absolute Machiavellism, wherein the good intentions of the *Discourses* have been swallowed up by the cold-blooded ferocity of his conception of *virtù* for the *Prince*. This fission results in the creation of both a "good" Machiavelli and a "bad" Machiavelli — or a philosopher for all occasions.

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But the bad philosopher was not so far removed from the good. Even in the absence of ethical absolutes, Machiavelli's detractors should refrain from claiming that he who is bound by morals only insofar as they serve his amoral ambition is in effect bound by no morals whatsoever. There is a vast practical distinction between tyranny and Old Nick's "responsible despotism," a distinction which these detractors would do well to examine. For even the most disaffected critic of Machiavelli will admit that his Prince must face the people with clean hands to sustain long that power of which he is so fond.

While Maritain's justification in thus bifurcating the Florentine somewhat escapes me, I can see that under the cloak of amorality alone, Hitler might enter the philosopher's fold. What I cannot see is why he should be permitted to decide just how much of Machiavelli makes a Machiavellian. Cutthroats are a common enough phenomenon without awarding them all a philosophic halo.

Although *Der Irrefuehrer* falls short on his own home ground of dishonesty, perhaps he can gain entrance through the mere fact of exercising power. This criterion has had a rather ephemeral aspect recently, and I doubt if even surviving Nazis would wish to push the argument to its ultimate. If they have imitated beasts with profit, thereby meeting Machiavelli at his lowest common denominator, they have likewise lately turned to protecting themselves from traps as a lion and defending themselves from wolves as a fox. Once the choice belonged to Nazism. At that time, power by any means was eagerly embraced and worshiped to the complete negation of a "humanist realism." Therefore, as disaster followed disaster, even such a terrifying consolation as triumph in a land without morals was irretrievably lost. Slaves to power can never know honorable surrender, or any surrender short of destruction.

There remains one more possibility for striking an alliance between Hitler and Machiavelli. Was Hitler, too, concerned with the common good? It becomes increasingly hard to see how such a position could be argued in favor of the Nazis, despite the various specious arguments once advanced to convince the German

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people. And even if the arguments had been sincere, the "common good" was achieved by methods so patently vicious as to reduce the intention to a hideous caricature. Furthermore, of course, Machiavelli would hardly consider the slaughter and degradation of millions of Italians a fine way of securing the "common good" of the Italian people. There was actually no good in Adolf Hitler, however the word may be defined.

The crimes of this man extend to "Absolute Machiavellism" itself. He said he was going to lie and then did it. While the novelty of this approach assured him some apparent advantage at first, he was stupid enough to believe he could go on fooling all of the people all of the time. Accordingly, he broke any faith those over whom he sought hegemony might have had in him by repeated and willful violations of his most solemn oath. In deliberately forfeiting the very appearance of sincerity, let alone its actual existence, he transgressed all the commandments of Machiavellism and forever removed that particular apologetic from Nazism. For whatever purpose the *Prince* may have lain at Hitler's bedside, it did not lie there to be understood.

And yet, from Old Nick's final resting place in heaven or in hell, it cannot seem too unfortunate that his most notorious modern advocate failed so dismally. Even the downfall of such lesser protégés as Mussolini should leave him undisturbed. These amateur interpreters were not concerned with the complete Machiavelli whom critical thought is trying to rehabilitate. They knew only that parodied Machiavelli who supplied the devil's first name and who now is termed "absolute" by Maritain. They ignored the man to follow the image set up by his traducers.

Nevertheless, the mere fact that any politico is willing to acknowledge his debt to the Florentine betrays a subtle shift in our consciousness. Through the years so motley a crew as Gentillet, Frederick II of Prussia, Jeremy Bentham, and Maurice Joly — among many, many others — have extended their reputations by attacking Old Nick. Now that their Devil has been acknowledged as "the first modern political theorist," however, we may expect a more tolerant attitude — especially when and if political action catches up to political theory.

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Should we seek a sphere in which to employ Machiavellian precept in action now, we could do worse than look to the United Nations. Here we have the challenging goal of a world free and united forever. Here we have also the unavoidable interplay of expediency that leads many of us to conclude that power has become in itself the goal. Living by seconds, as we must, provides the poorest possible environment for a unity that must probably measure its growth in centuries. Without sacrificing ultimate ends to means, a Machiavellian idealism would not demand that the sun stand still in the heavens, or that tomorrow's world come true today.

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On a Book of Myths

Joyce Horner

I think the Greeks saw truly
This earth: gods descending
(Morning light on the mountains,
The bright feet, lyre notes), lovers
To stars translated, flowers springing
From the blood of young men:

And men storm-driven, god-driven,
Amid great waves in little ships, seeking
The horizon, always the next island, finding
Three-headed monster, beast-man, or sometimes
A prince welcoming strangers
To wine and hearth-fire.

But most they saw truly
War — the long waiting,
Women on the walls, heroes' wives, losers,
Towers broken, storms after for the winners,
And the god's image in the inner shrine hidden,
Without which no victory.

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Immortal Clay

The Literature of Sumer

Samuel Noah Kramer

IT IS rare indeed that moderate literate man stops to contemplate the origin and significance of the artificial little symbols which he uses so readily and expertly in all the many forms of his written intercourse. The written word has long been part of his traditional heritage, to be cultivated and practiced without effort and hesitation. Of course, in comparison with the spoken word, whose beginnings go back so far that it is sheer folly to attempt even their approximate dating, the written word is a comparative newcomer in the story of man's cultural progress. It is only some five thousand years ago that the writing technique was invented; it is only in the relatively brief span of the last five millennia that it has been molded, sharpened and polished into an effective tool of communication. But these are the very millennia that mark many of man's most far-reaching social and spiritual achievements. And the written document, from the simplest economic notation to the most intricate literary composition, is to no small extent responsible for them.

The invention of writing and its gradual development into an effective medium of human communication took place more or less simultaneously in the two ancient civilizations now best known from their archaeological and inscriptional remains, in Sumer and Egypt. In Sumer it is fairly certain that the invention of writing came as the result of the expanding economic and administrative needs of the growing urban communities. For here, as early as 3000 B.C., we find crude pictographic clay tablets in-

© SAMUEL NOAH KRAMER is associate curator in the Babylonian section of the University Museum at the University of Pennsylvania.

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scribed with the oldest bits of economic and administrative memoranda known to man. It is in Sumer, too, that we have the rare opportunity of following the progressive steps in the growth of a system of writing from its early immature stage with its very large number of ideographic and pictographic signs, to the fully developed cuneiform script consisting of a relatively small number of highly conventionalized signs of purely syllabic character. For the various sites of early Sumer have actually yielded clay tablets from the successive writing stages of the first half of the third millennium B.C., and it is fascinating to follow the groping, step-by-step progress of the scribal fledglings through these early centuries.

It is not until the middle of the third millennium, however, that the Sumerian scribe begins to "feel his wings." While in the preceding centuries he has limited his medium to the simple memorandum and brief votive inscription on vase and statue, we now find him preparing highly complex building and dedicatory documents. His writing technique is now so flexible and plastic that he finds no difficulty in expressing the more complicated historical and hymnal patterns. And there is little doubt that in the course of the centuries that followed, from approximately 2500 to 2000 B.C., the Sumerian poets and scribes actually wrote down on clay tablets, prisms and cylinders, in their now mature cuneiform script, many of their literary creations. Our evidence on this point is meager but conclusive. Sooner or later, some of these early written compositions will be recovered in one or another of the ancient Sumerian cities by a fortunate excavator.

Be that as it may, it is not until we come to the first half of the second millennium B.C. that we actually find a vast group of Sumerian documents. These, when finally reconstructed and translated, will furnish an excellent cross-section of Sumerian literature, and provide us with what is by far the most significant source material for the study of Sumerian culture in its more spiritual aspect. It is from this period that we find scattered in our museums here and abroad, more than three thousand tablets and fragments inscribed with the Sumerian literary compositions. The documents range in size from large ten-column clay tablets in-

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scribed with hundreds of compactly written lines of text, to extremely tiny fragments containing no more than a few broken lines. As for the compositions inscribed on these tablets and fragments — compositions that vary in length from myths of more than eight hundred lines to brief hymns of no more than twenty lines — they run into the hundreds.

In form as well as content, these compositions display a variety of type and genre which, considering the age of the culture involved, is as startling as it is revealing. Here in Sumer, a good millennium before the Hebrews wrote down much of their Bible, or the Greeks their Iliad and Odyssey, we find a rich, mature literature (here and throughout this paper the word literature is used in the more restricted sense of belles lettres) of such diverse literary kinds as epic tales and myths, hymns and laments — as well as a many-sided group of "wisdom" compositions, including proverbs, fables and other didactic types.

Turning first to the epic tales of Sumer, we find that these are by all odds the oldest representatives of epic poetry known to man. Of the numerous epic tales that must have been current in Sumer, some twelve can now be restored wholly or in part. To judge from our present evidence, they range in length from more than four hundred to less than two hundred lines. Hence it is preferable to designate them as "epic tales," rather than "epics," since the latter term has come to connote a composition of very considerable size. Nine of our twelve poems commemorate the deeds and adventures of the great Sumerian heroes Enmerkar, Lugalbanda and Gilgamesh, all of whom lived during Sumer's "heroic age," probably sometime about 3000 B.C. The remaining three revolve about a dragon-slaying motif, and are concerned with the feats and exploits of the Sumerian hero-god Ninurta and of Inanna, the goddess of war and love.

This Sumerian epic poetry has left its mark on the world's epic literature. It was this Sumerian material which their conquerors, the Babylonians, borrowed as the nucleus for their two now well-known national epics, the Epic of Gilgamesh, and the Epic of Creation. In two recently published studies I had the high privilege of tracing these two oldest examples of literary evolution

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known to man, and of disentangling the original Sumerian motifs from those introduced by the Babylonian creative genius in integrating the relatively brief Sumerian tales into one large epic. In spite of the age of the cultures concerned, it is not without significance to note that the evidence was direct and concrete, and did not involve speculative assumptions and vague hypotheses. And while the Iliad and Odyssey are ever so far removed, in time as well as in form and content, from the Sumerian epic tales, there is little doubt that at least some of those characteristics that stamp them specifically as epic literature will be traced to Sumerian prototypes.

Let me quote the initial lines of a Sumerian epic tale concerned with Gilgamesh's journey to the land of the living, a passage particularly notable for effective understatement. The grandeur of the theme and its universal implications; the brief, unembroidered sketching of the details; the calm, even tone, and the uncomplaining temper — all combine to produce an effect of simple dignity and profound poignancy which is as rare as it is moving. It reads as follows:

The lord, toward the land of the living set his mind,
The lord Gilgamesh, toward the land of the living set his mind,
He says to his servant Enkidu:
"O Enkidu, not *yet have brick and stamp* * brought forth the *fated end*,
I would enter the land, I would set up my name,
In its places where the names [of the gods] have been raised up,
I would raise up my name,
In its places where the names have not been raised up, I would raise up
the names of the gods."

His servant Enkidu answers him:
"O my master, if thou wouldst enter the land, inform Utu [the sun-
god],
Inform Utu, the hero Utu,
Utu, the creature of the land,
Inform Utu, the hero Utu, the creature of the . . . cedar land."

Gilgamesh laid his hand on an all-white kid,
A *brown* kid as an offering he pressed to his breast,
In his hand he placed the silver staff of his . . . ,

* Italicized words represent doubtful translations.

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He says to Utu of heaven:
"O Utu, I would enter the land, be thou my ally,
I would enter the . . . cedar land, be thou my ally."

Utu of heaven answers him:
"For the young men . . . verily thou art, but what art thou to the land?"

[Gilgamesh answers him:]
"O Utu, a word I would speak to thee, to my word [lend thine ear],
. . . I would speak to thee, give ear to it.
In my city man dies, oppressed is the heart,
Man perishes, heavy is the heart,
I climbed the wall,
Saw the . . . dead bodies *floating* on the river,
As for me, I too will be served thus, verily 'tis so.
Man, the tallest, cannot reach to heaven,
Man, the wisest, cannot cover the earth.
Not *yet have brick and stamp* brought forth the *fated end*,
I would enter the land, I would set up my name,
In its places where the names [of the gods] have been raised up,
I would raise up my name,
In its places where the names have not been raised up, I would raise up the names of the gods."

Utu accepted his tears as an offering,
Like a man of mercy, he showed him mercy.

Of the extant Sumerian myths, the majority are concerned with the organization of the universe and the establishment of the civilizing processes; others center about the creation of man, the deluge, the nether world and divine marriages. One need hardly be a solemn and learned Orientalist to note as he reads these myths that some of the Sumerian mythological motifs have their counterparts in the earlier portions of the Book of Genesis, in spite of the profound metamorphosis which these motifs underwent in their centuries of wandering from people to people until the genius of the Hebrew poets and scribes integrated them into their sacred books.

Here, for example, is a mythological passage basic for our understanding of the Sumerian creation concepts, one that is stylistically notable for the dexterous weaving of the repetition pattern characteristic of Sumerian poetry:

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After heaven had been moved away from earth,
After earth had been separated from heaven,
After the name of man had been fixed;

After An [the heaven-god] had carried off heaven,
After Enlil [the air-god] had carried off earth,
After Ereshkigal [queen of the nether world] had been carried off *into* Kur [Hades] as its prize;

After he had set sail, after he had set sail,
After the father for Kur had set sail,
After Enki [the water-god] for Kur had set sail;

Against the king the small ones it [Kur] hurled,
Against Enki, the large ones it hurled,
Its small ones, stones of the hand,
Its large ones, stones of . . . reeds,
The keel of the boat of Enki,
In battle, like the attacking storm, overwhelm;

Against the king, the water at the head of the boat,
Like a wolf devours,
Against Enki, the water at the rear of the boat,
Like a lion strikes down.

Or let me quote a "golden age" passage whose contents, not without meaning in today's bloody context, no doubt left their impress on many an ancient man of letters:

In those days there was no snake, there was no scorpion, there was no *hyena*,
There was no lion, there was no *wild dog*, no wolf,
There was no fear, no terror,
Man had no rival.

In those days the land Shubur [East], the place of plenty, of righteous decrees,
Harmony-tongued Sumer [South], the great land of the "decrees of princeship,"
Uri [North], the land having all that is *needful*,
The land Martu [West], resting in security,
The whole universe, the people *in unison*,
To Enlil in one tongue *gave praise*.

A less solemn and more human note is struck in one of the passages in a myth centering about the great Sumerian water-

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god Enki, and the ambitious, lusty goddess of love and war, Inanna, the Sumerian counterpart of the Semitic Ishtar, the Greek Aphrodite, and Roman Venus. This goddess Inanna had just traveled in her "boat of heaven" from her city Erech to Enki's city of Eridu. For she was anxious to obtain, by fair means or foul, the more than one hundred divine decrees under his charge, which — according to the more or less superficial speculations of the Sumerian poets and scribes — made up the warp and woof of Sumerian civilization.

In the course of the banquet arranged in her honor, the drunken and no doubt doting Enki presents them to her one by one. But after the effects of the banquet had worn off, Enki greatly rues his munificence, and decides to prevent the "boat of heaven" from reaching Erech. He therefore dispatches his messenger Isimud, together with a group of sea monsters, to follow Inanna and her boat to the first of the seven stopping stations situated between the Abzu of Eridu and Erech. Here follows the passage recording the rather lively "give and take" between Isimud and the angered Inanna, who reproaches Enki as an "Indian-giver":

"O my queen, thy father has sent me to thee,
O Inanna, thy father has sent me to thee,
Thy father, exalted is his speech,
Enki, exalted is his utterance,
His great words are not *to go unheeded.*"

Holy Inanna answers him:
"My father, what has he spoken to thee, what has he said to thee?
His great words that are not *to go unheeded*, what pray are they?"

"My king has spoken to me,
Enki has said to me:
'Let Inanna go to Erech,
But thou, bring me back the boat of heaven to Eridu.'"

Holy Inanna says to the messenger Isimud:
"My father, why pray has he changed his word to me,
Why has he broken his righteous word to me,
Why has he defiled his great words to me?
My father has spoken to me falsehood, has spoken to me falsehood,
Falsely has he uttered the name of his power, the name of the Abzu."

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Barely had she uttered these words,
The sea monsters seized the boat of heaven.
Inanna says to her messenger Ninshubur:
"Come, my true messenger of Eanna,
My messenger of favorable words,
My carrier of true words,
Whose hand never falters, whose foot never falters,
Save the boat of heaven and Inanna's presented decrees."

The largest single group of compositions in the extant Sumerian literature is the hymnal. More than one hundred hymns varying in size from over three hundred to less than fifty lines can now be reconstructed wholly or in part. Though the basic pattern in all is hymnal, these compositions show a rich variety in both content and structure. They fall primarily into two groups, royal hymns and divine. The latter consist of songs of praise and exaltation to all the more important deities of the Sumerian pantheon. The royal hymns, frequently self-laudatory in character, sing the praises of the kings of the Third Dynasty of Ur (according to the lowest chronology they reigned from approximately 2070 to 1960 B.C.) and those of the Isin Dynasty that followed them. Not a few of the divine hymns may also be designated as prayers, since interspersed throughout their basic hymnal content are brief petitions for a long life and happy reign of these same kings of Ur and Isin.

As to structure, the hymns are frequently divided into songs of varying length separated from each other by brief antiphonal responses; others consist of a number of four-line strophes. Not a few of the hymns weave a repeated refrain into their contents; still others break up into sections separated by liturgic rubrics of varying types. The hymns were divided by the ancient Sumerian scribes themselves into different groups and categories. At times, not unlike the hymns in the Book of Psalms, these varied with the type of musical instrument which accompanied them. And at the end of the composition, the ancient scribe often jotted down the specific category to which that particular hymn belonged. All in all, therefore, it is quite obvious that long before the compilation of the Biblical Book of Psalms, the literary men of Sumer had

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developed and perfected temple and religious hymnography to a high, conscious art.

The lamentation is a type of tragic composition developed by the Sumerians to commemorate the not infrequent destruction of their cities and homes by the surrounding more barbaric peoples; it is the forerunner of such Biblical compositions as the Book of Lamentations. To judge from our available material, at least five such lamentations, each running into hundreds of lines, can now be restored wholly or in part. Three are concerned with the destruction of each of the three ancient centers: Ur (that is, Biblical Ur of the Chaldees); Nippur, long the spiritual and religious center of Sumer; and Agade, the capital of that part of Sumer which at a very early day came to be known as the land of Accad. The fourth laments the destruction of Sumer and Accad as a whole, while the fifth may for the moment be best described as the "weeping mother" type. In addition we have a large and unique group of Tammuz lamentations involving the mysteries of the dying god and his resurrection, the Tammuz laments whose Hebrew counterparts are denounced in the Book of Ezekiel as one of Israel's abominable acts.

We come finally to the "wisdom" compositions of the Sumerians, which — together with their Egyptian counterparts — are the prototypes of the Wisdom Literature current all over the Near East and best exemplified by the Biblical Book of Proverbs. Sumerian "wisdom" consists of a large number of brief, pithy and pointed proverbs and aphorisms. It includes a group of fables such as The Bird and the Fish, The Tree and the Reed, The Pickax and the Plow, Silver and Bronze. In addition we find a group of didactic compositions, long and short, several of which are devoted to a description of the process of learning the scribal art and of the advantages that flow from it, while at least one consists of instructions on matters agricultural, proffered by a farmer to his son.

So much for the structure and contents of the Sumerian belles lettres as found inscribed on the more than three thousand tablets and fragments now lying in the basements and storerooms of various museums in this country and abroad. Obviously enough,

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they are the products of a fully conscious and highly sophisticated art developed over a long period of practice in creative writing. Our Sumerian literary compositions, therefore, represent a very material addition to the world's literature.

But they are of major significance for still another reason. The tablets on which they are inscribed belong to what the cuneiform scholars designate as the early post-Sumerian period, the period covered by the overlapping dynasties of the cities Isin, Larsa, and Babylon. Not so long ago, this period was dated by some cuneiformists as early as 2300–1900 B.C., and even the more conservative estimates reduced these dates by no more than a century or at most a century and a half. But as a result of the recent archaeological and inscriptional evidence analyzed by Sidney Smith of the British Museum and William Foxwell Albright of Johns Hopkins, the date of the early post-Sumerian period has been radically lowered to approximately 1960–1550 B.C. Some of our tablets, therefore, may have been written as early as the twentieth century B.C., while others may have been inscribed as late as the sixteenth century. Unfortunately, except in a few cases, no more precise dating within this broad period is as yet possible. What we may put down as certain, however, is this: the writing of our Sumerian literary tablets — the actual writing, let it be carefully noted, not the first *composition* of their contents which at least in some cases may go back to a considerably earlier day — took place sometime in the first half of the second millennium B.C. Our tablets, therefore, contain what is by all odds the oldest written literature of any significant amount ever uncovered. However, since this is a claim which is usually made for Egyptian literature — and it was quite justified as long as our Sumerian material remained a closed book — it is of some importance to look into this matter of comparative dating a little more closely; the facts are not uninstructive.

In Egypt, as in Sumer, writing was probably invented sometime about 3000 B.C. Indeed there is now a general tendency among Orientalists, Egyptologists as well as cuneiformists, to assume that the idea of writing — the idea, let it be stressed, not the particular system — was borrowed by the Egyptians from the

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Sumerians. But the available evidence is of a purely circumstantial character, and by no means conclusive. Again, there is good reason to believe that in Egypt, just as in Sumer, the second half of the third millennium witnessed the creation of a very considerable written literature.

To be sure, our evidence is meager. Almost all that we have to go on are the so-called Pyramid Texts from the third quarter of the third millennium, and these have been characterized by Egyptologists as disjointed and diffused semi-magical spells, and so hardly rate as belles lettres. Nevertheless, their contents do reveal the existence at this early period in Egypt of complex hymnal and mythological patterns which presuppose considerable activity in the art of creative writing. Be that as it may, we can rest assured that during the Middle Kingdom — the period in Egyptian history that corresponds roughly to the early post-Sumerian period in which the Sumerian literary tablets were inscribed — the Egyptians had every bit as rich and varied a written literature as the Sumerians.

No doubt the two literatures, the Egyptian and the Sumerian, reflecting the diverging psychological, social and political directions of their creators, showed a number of significant differences. Thus it is not improbable that Egypt failed to develop the epic genre so popular in Sumer and, later, almost everywhere in the Near East. On the other hand, the Egyptians delighted in the narrative story, which seems to have no counterpart in Sumerian literature. Again, in Sumer the lamentation was molded into a significant literary type. Egypt, on the other hand, developed a characteristic genre of pessimistic composition which has as yet been found wanting in Sumer. Certainly Egypt at this time must have had a rich and varied group of wisdom compositions as well as a diversified collection of hymns.

Now while all this wealth of belles lettres can be adduced with reasonable certainty for the Egypt of the Middle Kingdom, the fact remains that the literary writings justifying this assumption date in the main from a considerably later day and age. When it comes to texts actually written down, like our Sumerian literary tablets, in the first half of the second millennium, these are found

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to be disappointingly few. Quantitatively speaking, they are but a fraction of our corresponding Sumerian material. Thus, in the recently published volume, *The Legacy of Egypt*, Alan Gardiner, one of the greatest Egyptologist authorities of our day, after listing three narrative stories of considerable length, several compositions of the pessimistic genre, and three "wisdom" compositions, adds: "This concludes pretty well all that has survived from the Middle Kingdom, except the panegyric of a king and some fragments of songs and hymns."

Indeed, again according to Gardiner, even from the flourishing Eighteenth Dynasty — that is, approximately from 1573 to 1314 B.C. — hardly any original composition has survived. And the reason for the relative scarcity of the earlier Egyptian, as compared to Sumerian literary remains, is not far to seek. It is a consequence of nothing more relevant than the choice of the writing material by the scribes of the two peoples. While the Sumerians inscribed their literature on drab, uninviting, but at the same time almost indestructible clay, the Egyptians wrote theirs largely on smooth, attractive, but unfortunately far more perishable papyrus. For this reason, the future, too, it is safe to say, will see the uncovering of many more Sumerian than Egyptian literary remains.

The Egyptian and Sumerian literatures differ materially in yet another respect. The impact and impress of Sumerian belles lettres on the literatures of the peoples of Western Asia were far more pronounced than those of the Egyptians. As early as the second half of the third millennium B.C., the Semitic Accadians borrowed the Sumerian system of writing and adapted it to their own language. Later the Assyrian and Babylonian scribes and poets made the Sumerian language and literature the basic discipline of their scribal schools. Indeed the greater part of their literary activity consisted of selecting, modifying, molding and adapting the Sumerian mythological motifs and hymnal and "wisdom" patterns into new and at times more elaborate arrangements. The relationship of the Assyro-Babylonian literature to that of the Sumerians is even closer and more patent than that of the Latin literature to the Greek.

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As for the other peoples of Western Asia — Elamites and Hurrians, Hittites, Canaanites and Amorites — these too borrowed at one time or another the cuneiform system of writing. The scribes of these peoples no doubt devoted considerable time and effort to the study of the Sumerian language and literature, although their major contact was with the Assyrian and Babylonian literary works. And so in the course of time, the belles lettres of all the more literate peoples of Western Asia, from Anatolia to the Persian Gulf, and from the Mediterranean Sea to the Zagros Mountains, were permeated with Sumerian literary motifs and patterns, a fact which is of course not without significance for the Greek and Hebrew literary evolution. No such widespread influence in Western Asia can be traced to Egyptian literature; only in Canaan does it leave a comparable imprint.

To sum up, our Sumerian literary tablets are inscribed with documents whose significance is threefold. As literary products ranking well up among the aesthetic creations of civilized man, they represent an impressive addition to the world's belles lettres. As mirrors reflecting the intellectual and spiritual life of the Sumerians, they help reconstruct the civilization of a people which for many centuries was the dominant cultural group in the Near East — a people whose influence came to be felt in language and literature, in law and politics, in religion and philosophy, in science and education. Finally, because of their age, and as a result of their impress on the literatures of their conquerors and neighbors, they abound in source material basic to all the humanities dedicated to the study of man's cultural evolution. It is the contents of these Sumerian documents which are now in the process of being reconstructed and restored. And unless the work is unexpectedly interrupted, there is good reason to hope that the coming decade will see the major part of the Sumerian belles lettres made available to the scholar and humanist.

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Religion and Health

Seward Hiltner

THE unfamiliar is likely to be brought to our attention by its most dramatic manifestations. If the phrase "religion and health" connotes to you chiefly the Lourdes shrine, anti-medical religious healing cults, magical incantations and small groups of overweight ladies in perfumed and crepuscular hotel parlors attempting to achieve by prayer what God has decreed can come only through diet — you may consider yourself misinformed. For whatever the merit of the various fringe elements, they are peripheral to an understanding of religion's relationship to health in 1946. This field of study and activity may be, and sometimes has been, a happy hunting ground both of quackery and misguided self-deception. But it need not be so. Medicine was once blood-letting and spittle. It was changed by a method.

It is also the method of science, broadly interpreted, which has made possible contemporary understanding of religion's relationship to health. And this is as far removed from magical incantation as penicillin is from spittle. The psychologists who maintained an interest in studying personality and not merely its parts, the psychiatrists who dealt with the unconscious but influential aspects of the mind and emotions, the surgeons and physicians who studied the psychological aspects of somatic conditions, the physiologists who delved into what occurred when emotions went to work and what put them to work — it is these scientists and those in related fields who have provided a new

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foundation upon which the relationship of religion to health can be studied and understood.

How could an intelligent citizen of 1850 maintain a naïve belief that his religious faith would somehow help him to throw off bad colds, anxieties and intestinal upsets? The psychology of that period divided people neatly into faculties of this and that. Medicine was materialistic, with a simplicity which would make a contemporary physicist shudder. The religionist then had two choices. He could accept the materialistic presuppositions of scientists of that time and compartmentalize his religion apart from his physiology — the course followed by the respectable. Or he could defy the scientists and say they were not looking deeply enough. Unfortunately, those who followed the second alternative usually threw out those scientific methods of observation and evaluation which might have demonstrated the correctness of some of their hypotheses. They merely asserted contrary "facts." So it was that, whether science and religion conflicted or not, the presuppositions and assumptions of scientists and religionists frequently did.

Then came Freud and psychoanalysis, Meyer and psychobiology, Cannon and the physiology of emotion, and the other modern studies which have properly applied the scientific method to an understanding of man as an organism in an environment. A basic conclusion which emerged has important meaning for our subject: namely, that attitudes and feelings (which we think of as psychological) profoundly affect muscles and body fluids (which we think of as physiological), for better or worse, for illness or for health. So well has this central fact been established that there is a journal, *Psychosomatic Medicine*, devoted entirely to its specific implications. Indeed, Walter B. Cannon was able, not long before his recent untimely death, to attest the reality and explain the processes involved in what he called "voodoo death" — death without adequate cause in a strictly organic sense.

The medical and psychological research workers say they have barely begun their work. They say that their job now is to discover how much, what kind, and in what way various psychological realities impinge upon somatic realities and vice versa.

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If it be indisputable fact that psychological realities like deeply ingrained fear can produce physiological malfunctioning or illness, it would not seem possible to have much argument concerning the reality of this process in reverse. That is, some kinds of psychological realities — as represented in deeply positive attitudes and feelings — may have an influence in the direction of health more significant than even the quacks have ever claimed.

To put it another way, since we know that fear can drive out faith, we can justifiably infer that faith can drive out fear. By faith in this sense we mean a quality of fundamental attitude, or approach to life and its problems, which the psychologist might describe as confidence in the face of uncertainty, courage in view of danger, calmness before that which is disturbing, or hopefulness which will strive so long as any door remains open. While the "religious faiths" in the Jewish-Christian tradition may not always succeed in communicating this kind of "faith" to their disciples, it is part of their primary purpose to do so. How often they succeed, under what circumstances and to what degree, are questions which lend themselves to first-hand study.

We know, for example, that the most adequate and enlightened religious ministry to surgical patients considerably reduces the average amount of anesthetic which needs to be given. But we do not know enough in particular to make predictions in specific cases. In brief, our knowledge at present is empirical, occasionally clinical, but only at its beginnings in those specifics that lead to predictability. But it is not necessary to "believe" — as if belief went against fact — that a real attitude of confidence may be as valuable as penicillin to a surgical patient. That is a fact. It is also a fact that, with minor exceptions, all religion within the Hebrew-Christian tradition has the production of faith (confidence is the psychological corollary) as a main object, though with various notions about methods and considerable variety in understanding of goals. One of the things most needed now is direct observation and study of when this or that approach to the production of confidence works and when it does not.

A few workers are beginning to appear who can collaborate with other scientists in first-hand study of the effect of religious

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belief, religious practice, religious affiliation and religious ministry upon health. A climate of opinion which is favorable to such study is arising not only among individual religionists but within the churches. Indeed, not a little of the study is being spearheaded by the churches themselves. But churchmen greatly need research help, especially from the medical and psychological departments of university hospital and research centers.

Probably heading the list of current activities in ultimate significance is the movement for clinical pastoral training of the clergy. In many ways, this training is to the theological student what internship is to the medical student. In the past twenty years, and more especially in the past ten years, nearly two thousand theologians have devoted six weeks, three months, or longer periods to intensive supervised study in mental hospitals, general hospitals, penal institutions, and social agencies of various kinds. In addition, other thousands of students have had increasingly effective supervision of their field work experience in churches and church-related agencies.

These clinical students learn through actual experience, guided by teachers who are members of their own profession, with help from representatives of other professions such as physicians, psychiatrists, psychologists and social workers. In the mental hospital their concern is what can be learned about personality and human nature from psychotics as this knowledge is relevant to the religious worker's point of view. In the general hospital they study the pastoral approach to people in crisis situations, and the relationship of faith and confidence to health. They do not study psychiatry and medicine as such; but the orientation is not so narrow as, for example, to study in a hospital only how to minister to sick people. Nor are they mere apprentices. The written notes, carefully criticized by the instructor, are the theologian's version of the physician's autopsy. Thus the student learns through supervised experience something of both the art and science of dealing pastorally with people. Principles and methods go hand in hand. This training is for the religious worker what William A. Neilson once called in another connection "vocational education with a difference."

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Another current activity in which religion is closely related to health is the development of chaplaincy service. Before the war there were only about four hundred Protestant clergy who devoted their full time to chaplaincy service — in the Army, Navy, veterans' hospitals, Protestant hospitals, mental hospitals, community hospitals, prisons and similar institutions. At the end of this year there will be about 2,200. The current development of a corps of full-time chaplains representing all faiths in the Veterans Administration is an outgrowth of the conviction that such chaplains, if competent for the work, can bring something of great value to those who have been among the most serious victims of the war. The number of full-time chaplains in Protestant hospitals has doubled since 1941, and the needed growth in mental and other hospitals is just beginning.

When a hospital has a chaplain who works in closest cooperation with the physicians, who concentrates his attention upon those patients who need and want his services, who knows how to help the patient utilize religious resources for the relief of anxiety and the upbuilding of confidence, then one may see how religion and health are involved in chaplaincy service. It is at this point that the clinical pastoral training movement is having a valuable by-product type of influence, for it is training men competent for chaplaincy service, men who possess skills which can lead toward health no less surely than do those of the physician.

Even apart from the more basic and intensive courses of clinical pastoral training, the number and quality of activities designed to aid religious workers in their task of giving help to individuals has grown considerably in the past few years. For instance, during the past three years the Commission on Religion and Health of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and the Army and Navy Department of the Young Men's Christian Associations conducted nearly two hundred seminars on personal counseling for clergy, U.S.O. workers, and others in every state of the union. Under local auspices, many such seminars, conferences and courses are being held this year. Since most of the helping of individuals involves aiding them on those personal problems which may lead to illnesses, physical or emotional, the

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importance of counseling education for religion's relationship to health is apparent. Courses of this kind by seminaries, both for undergraduate students and as refresher courses for ministers, are increasing in number.

Almost without exception the churches have established contact with the unique Yale University School of Alcohol Studies, and have cooperated with it by sending representative ministers to its summer sessions. This school, the first to attempt to apply scientific method to all aspects of the problems of alcohol, may be said to have health in the broad sense as its central interest. Recognizing this, the churches have found it valuable to seek the School's cooperation in giving basic factual training about this thorny social problem to leaders of their own constituency. The school, in turn, recognizes that, to be scientific, it must also subject religion to scrutiny as it relates to problems of alcohol — as, for instance, the religious elements in Alcoholics Anonymous. Some of the school's studies have shed considerable light on religious aspects of alcohol problems.

Another field of religion and health activity is medical missions. In all missionary lands today there are about 1,100 missionary doctors and 2,300 missionary nurses. The writings of such men as Albert Schweitzer, Paul Harrison, Gordon Seagrave and others have made clear to the American public how much so few have been able to accomplish. For they have not only practiced medicine and nursing; they have taught it and extended its practice.

What may not be well known is the increasing concern which many of the medical missionaries have had for relating the religious and the health aspects of missionary work on a basis which would be consistent with modern findings in the psychological aspects of medicine. The last great world missionary conference held at Madras, India, in 1938, issued the following statement:

> In the relationship of religion and health lies an imperative call for pioneering. The scope of the hospital's ministry will be enlarged by using specially trained members of the staff to inquire as to the economic, social, mental and religious background of every patient, so that both bodily and spiritual ministration may be provided in ways adapted to the special needs of the individual, both while in the hospital

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and after leaving it. The hospital would thus become a center where search could be made for ways in which spiritual ministry might aid in bringing full health to patients. We have scarcely crossed the threshold of such a quest as this. . . . We need continued study and development of the contribution that faith and prayer and religious practice can make to the maintenance of mental and physical health and to the cure of disease.

During the war the mental hygiene units of Civilian Public Service rendered remarkable service. More than two thousand conscientious objectors elected to perform their service in mental hospitals and institutions for the mentally deficient; and in view of the serious shortage of qualified personnel in those institutions, the words of some administrators who say the C.P.S. men saved them can hardly be considered an exaggeration. They represented the largest infusion of intelligent and idealistic young blood that the mental hospitals of the nation had ever seen. The great majority of this group entered upon their service with clearly religious motives. Certainly they have made a large social contribution to the welfare of the half million patients who are in the nation's mental hospitals on any one day. Plans are now being drawn whereby, on a voluntary basis, there may be a similar, though smaller, stream of young Quakers, Brethren, Mennonites, Methodists and others into the hospitals and training schools. As a result of its experience, the Church of the Brethren has established a new Department of Religion and Health.

There is a growing literature in the field of religion and health as it has been described here — an ecumenical or catholic literature and not merely tracts issued by sectarian-minded groups. While many of these publications are especially intended for professional religious workers, a body of literature for laymen is also appearing. There is, for instance, devotional literature based on critical observation of the needs of sick people. A good example of a pamphlet for this purpose is *A Road to Recovery* by Robert Rasche, and of a short book, *Thy Health Shall Spring Forth* by Russell L. Dicks. The point is not merely that these publications contain good devotional material, but that the material is chosen in the light of careful analysis, following extended observation, of what is actually of help to sick persons. The religious public is

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becoming increasingly aware of this field of interest, and it is safe to say that more will be published. Whether or not the quality will stand up to the quantity will depend on many factors, but there are grounds for hope.

If it be true, as I have contended, that a person's religion has an inevitable influence upon his health, for ill or for good, then all who work in the field of health ought to have sufficient understanding of religion so as not to block constructive religious influences. Whether a physician or nurse or social worker is personally committed to religious faith is one thing. Whether as a worker for health such a person attempts to understand what the patient's religion means to him is something else. Not to include such understanding is to be unscientific — that is, to exclude consideration of a factor which influences the patient for good or ill. The time when a health worker could justify paying no attention to a patient's feelings or his social situation is passing, and the time is passing when the patient's religion could be ignored because the doctor or nurse was not personally "religious."

Not a great deal has yet been done about the education of such health workers as physicians, nurses and social workers in helping them to understand what religion means to this or that patient. A few Protestant hospitals now have courses for their nursing students which attempt to present an objective understanding of what the varieties of religious belief and practice mean to different patients from the point of view of health. In those hospitals where there is a clinical pastoral training program, there has been much informal education by personal contact between medical and theological interns. Small and informal conferences of physicians and clergy were being held in an increasing number of places before the war; and after a larger number of physicians return to civilian life, the attempts at mutual understanding through such meetings will probably begin again.

This suggestion of a few of the ways in which religion's relation to health is being explored and practiced in 1946 must inevitably omit discussion of many other areas. There is, for example, the exploration of religion in the lives of very young children, and of older people. There is the prospect of establishing a professional

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journal in the field of "pastoral theology," the actual helping activity of religious workers. There are the implications which such study and practice have begun to have on the basic theoretical fields of theology and the psychology of religion. And there is the growing social concern of the churches for public health and the extension of medical care to all the people.

It is interesting that the subject for a faculty seminar currently being held at Columbia University in which the faculties of medicine, psychology, philosophy and religion are participating is "religion and health." The concept of "health" is by no means as simple as was once thought, and our modern broader view has profound implications for religion. The emotional bias against all religion as such, which not long ago was common among scientists and academicians, is beginning to give way to a more sympathetic understanding of the variety of roles religion plays in relation to the human emotions and to social culture. Columbia's attention to religion and health may not be an accolade, but it is suggestive of a trend.

Some careful students, observing the increased interest, have warned that religion and health might become such a fad in the forties as psychology was in the twenties. This can occur only if attention is concentrated on narrowly pragmatic results instead of being focused on more solid understanding of processes. Since leadership and direction are now being assumed by such groups as churches and universities, it seems unlikely that we shall witness a new faddist movement.

Ultimately, religion is more than study or the application of a method on the basis of an observed need. It is basic approach to life, encompassing the whole person in relation to what he conceives to be his end and destiny. The religionist is not therefore ultimately objective. But in increasing numbers he is seeing that objective study and understanding of the relation between his religion and his health, and the religion and health of society, are important. It is natural that the quicker recognition of these facts and implications should be on the part of persons in religious bodies which are democratic in their traditions. But even

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the more authoritarian church groups are beginning to consider anew the relation of religion to health.

We can not "use" religion to achieve health. Yet the more clearly we understand that our attitudes, our values, and our understanding of the meaning of life affect our health — the more deeply we shall perceive that without religion health will be incomplete. We can be sick not alone because of germs or cuts or conflicts, but also for lack of faith in our destiny and that of mankind. To be well, we need not only medicine and surgery and psychiatry, but also religion. If we would go in peace, our faith must make us whole.

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Articles by . . .

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and others

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The Enchanted Wood

Dorothy Berry Hughes

Let us walk wisely, with a steady heart.
The wood is witched; soft heaps of laurel lie
Like slumber in the mind. Beware the scent
Of sassafras crushed in the palm, and bay.
The turtle, rousing, turns an ancient eye.
Ever, innumerable small warnings dart
Across the ear, while momently is heard
The marvelous sweet mischief of a bird.
Behold all this, but come freely away.

Put by the book before its slim intent
Runs in the thought like silver; always bring
To poetry a level eye, an ear
To harmony unravished, lest a song
Beguile you, or the sonnet's argument.
Turn a cool back to the drowsy hearth of content:
These are the quiet arts, and perilous,
That take the mind with innocence, but thus
The foolish are enchanted, and the strong.

Much madness lies about us. Most to fear
Is the delicate divinity of the dream,
The innermost dark chapel of the heart.
For there are told the secrets, one by one,
The precious plan designed, the tender scheme.
Let us be free with fortune, hold her dear
Yet lightly, lest we, having sometime failed,
Go snarling down the alleys of the world,
Cast out of love and strangers to the sun.

© The poems of DOROTHY BERRY HUGHES have been published in *Columbia Poetry*, *Poetry*, *Voices*, *Poetry Chapbook*, *Spirit*, *Tomorrow*, The *New York Herald Tribune* and the *Washington Post*.

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The Man in the Black Cape

Randolph Bourne: A Literary Radical

Charles A. Madison

RANDOLPH BOURNE'S painfully crippled body affected him throughout his brief career as a writer and radical. Born in 1886 of an old American family living in Bloomfield, New Jersey, he was as a child influenced by his rigid Calvinistic training to regard his failures at play as the consequence of moral weakness. Eager to excel, he unconsciously concentrated on the things he could do well. In time he exhibited a degree of precocity at the piano and at his studies. Yet he took little pleasure in these accomplishments, and all through his childhood and adolescence he suffered the humiliation of his physical deformity.

After his graduation from high school, poverty combined with deformity to aggravate his feeling of frustration. The ordeal of looking for work became fixed in his memory. The knowledge that he was "unable to counteract that fatal first impression" and that people either pitied or put him off, tormented him long after the event. After several months of secretarial work, he was engaged by a musician to cut perforated music rolls for player-pianos. Nor did this job last long, however, for his employer failed in his business endeavors. With no other work available to him near Bloomfield, Bourne went to New York in search of employment. For two anguished years he did not receive the least encouragement. He kept himself from starving by giving a few music lessons.

© CHARLES A. MADISON's essay on Randolph Bourne is a condensed version of a chapter in his forthcoming book, *Critics and Crusaders: A Century of American Social Dissent*. Mr. Madison is college editor of Henry Holt and Company.

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After six years of struggle, but also of reading and reflection, he became convinced that he could only overcome his precarious status by so cultivating his intellect as to make it possible for him to do the kind of work which would be independent of either his deformity or physical exertion. At the urging of a friend he applied for a Columbia University fellowship. To his surprise he not only received it but was admitted with advanced standing. In September, 1909, in his twenty-fourth year, he resumed his formal education.

From the first he delighted in his new mode of existence. The intellectual atmosphere at Columbia exhilarated him. The great books, classic and modern, which he soon read with avidity, wakened his latent powers of literary expression. While the stuffiness of his English courses kept him from concentrating in that field, he began to write for The *Columbia Monthly* and later became its editor-in-chief. His admiration for such teachers as John Dewey, Charles A. Beard, F. A. Giddings and Frederick Woodbridge led to his concentration in the social sciences. These men in turn readily appreciated his incisive mind and his literary talents, and went out of their way to befriend him.

Early in 1911, in his second year at college, he achieved the rare distinction for an undergraduate of having an article accepted by the august *Atlantic Monthly*. Ellery Sedgwick, the editor, was so favorably impressed with the cogency and craftsmanship of the paper — a challenge of youth to their elders — that he arranged a meeting with Bourne and subsequently published a number of his articles. Soon other widely read periodicals began to print his writings.

Prizes, honors and a generous fellowship crowned his final year of college work. As a graduate student he majored in sociology, but his strongest stimulation came from Dewey's philosophy of instrumentalism. Together with William James, Dewey opened for him new insights into the fundamental relationship between philosophy and life. From him Bourne learned that the mind is a tool, or instrument, with which we adjust ourselves to our specific environment; that reason has no divine origin and no key to eternal truth, but is rather "a practical instrument by which we

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solve problems"; that "words are not invariable symbols for invariable things, but clues to meanings." Most of all he was impressed by Dewey's philosophy of education. The theory that the school was a part of life and must be integrated with it — that one learned by doing — engraved itself upon his mind and spurred him to become one of its most vigorous exponents.

In 1913, while still at Columbia, Bourne published *Youth and Life*, a collection of essays representing the first fruits of his intellectual maturity. The underlying imprint of instrumentalism was evident on almost every page. The social ferment of the time helped to confirm him in his determination to fight for the right of each child to a free and friendly development. Written with force and fluency, his challenging book announced a fresh and compelling voice in American literature, articulating clearly and convincingly the rebellious idealism of the younger generation.

A radical himself — "At twenty-five I find myself full of the wildest radicalisms" — Bourne wrote glowingly of the radical ideals of youth. He maintained that it was normal and natural for youth to rebel at the ways of their elders. Their vision fresh and true, their ideals lofty and liberal, they were repelled and outraged by the apparent hypocrisy and cynicism about them. They ached to see justice done, evil overcome — and were forced to take a radical stand in their zeal to set the world aright. But society, governed by old men who clung to the tarnished ideals of their dead youth, feared the young rebel and sought "to stultify his vision and force him back to the required grooves." Yet the radical, Bourne insisted, must resist this pressure if he was to serve the common good. In prodding the world along, in gathering to him the best minds, in keeping bright his vision — in these would he find his great reward.

Bourne despised hypocritical and pretentious people — "pseudos" was his name for them — those who prized conformity and glossed over the evils vitiating their conventional morality. Armed with what he considered his greater knowledge of man's achievements, possessed of "a truly religious belief in human progress," he set about to discomfit the forces of the status quo and to array against them the youth of the land. His criticism of the older

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generation tended to be sweeping and extravagant. His agitation for social change, however, remained on the literary level. For all his sympathy with the struggle of labor and reformers, he was still the student, brilliant and bold, but not yet the independent and active radical.

In July, 1913, Bourne sailed for Europe as a Gilder fellow. Assured of an adequate income for the ensuing year, he planned to take full advantage of his intellectual Grand Tour. What he wanted most of all was to get the feel of life in the various European countries; to meet the active contributors to literature and social thought and thereby to familiarize himself with the new ideals leavening Western culture.

He was particularly interested in making the acquaintance of the socialists. But the English Fabians deeply disappointed him. Instead of being the leaders of an aggressive socialist movement, most of them impressed him as respectable and ineffectual bourgeois. Much as he admired such individual Englishmen as Shaw, Galsworthy and Hobson, the "fatuous cheerfulness" of others perturbed and perplexed him. He left England certain that its "cruel and unlovely" institutions must give way to a social order of greater justice and equality. "My social philosophy," he confided to a friend, "is working around to a paradoxical desire for Tolstoyan ends through Nietzschean means; socialism, dynamic social religion, through the ruthless application of scientific materialism."

France, where he sojourned for six months, he found spiritually more congenial to him. Life in Paris impressed him as essentially more democratic than that in London. In Italy he witnessed a three-day general strike. This "overwhelming expression of social solidarity" interested him more than the ancient ruins or Renaissance art. Several weeks later, after a brief stopover in Switzerland, he visited several German cities. The time was late July, 1914, and he was greatly upset by the martial spirit of the singing and shouting crowds. On August 1 he heard the Kaiser make his belligerent speech announcing that the German armies were on the march, and the barbaric spectacle deeply horrified him.

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Two weeks later he was aboard an ocean liner bound for New York. As he watched the vast expanse of the Atlantic, which shielded his country from foreign aggression, he felt a surging joy at the thought of home and safety. "The wheels of the clock," he wrote from the ship, "have so completely stopped in Europe, and this civilization that I've been admiring so much seems so palpably about to be torn to shreds that I do not even want to think about Europe until the war is over and life is running again."

In New York he took modest lodgings with his friend Carl Zigrosser and began the dreaded task of looking for work. His famous black student cape, which he had brought with him from Europe and wore to the end of his life, soon became known to the receptionists of various editorial offices. Toward the end of 1914 the establishment of *The New Republic* provided him with a logical literary outlet and he became one of its contributing editors. Within a few months his versatility of interests and his cogent pen gained him the respectful attention of the intelligent reading public. His articles on education, city planning, Americanization, college reform, and other similar topics, were stimulating and persuasive. Best of all, perhaps, were his literary studies and reviews, which revealed a breadth of view and a sympathetic incisiveness rarely found in the writing of the time.

He was soon earning enough money to be able to live comfortably and to indulge in playing host to an ever-enlarging group of friends. His Tuesday teas became a popular focal point for young intellectuals. Good talk and hard thinking delighted the gnome-like figure who led the conversation. As Paul Rosenfeld testified a bit extravagantly, "We knew him for one of the rarest, freest, sweetest spirits that have ever come out of this land."

A rising reputation, a good income, dear friends, a strong sense of achievement — none of these soothed the painful thought of his cruelly thwarted sexual impulses. All his life he wanted to be like normal people, to love and be loved. Although he counted several gifted girls among his intimate companions, he believed that none would ever be much more than a friend. And that awareness ran, until near the end of his life, like a poison through his thoughts.

A warm admirer of John Dewey, Bourne took a professional in-

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terest in the newer developments in education. The current clamor for more progressive and positive methods of teaching had his enthusiastic support. In his writings on the subject — subsequently published in two volumes, *The Gary Schools* and *Education and Living* — he envisioned a future in which children in school would acquire not merely intellectual tools but the training for a democratic, rich and wholesome life. He argued that a stimulating and salutary education must provide not only academic study but also play, constructive work, socialization and other non-intellectual activities. Among the reforms he advocated were the class study of the daily newspaper, greater emphasis on the democratic way of life, the intelligent and intensive use of psychological tests and educational measurements, equal stress on study, work and play, and the training of all children to the limit of their respective capacities. Because Dr. William Wirt was then making a serious effort to establish this Deweyan program in Gary, Indiana, Bourne wrote very favorably about him and his pedagogical methods.

The History of a Literary Radical, the posthumous collection edited by his intimate friend Van Wyck Brooks, contains some of Bourne's best-known writings on American culture. The title essay, a vividly sketched self-portrait, traced his literary development from adolescence to maturity and stressed the radical changes in cultural attitudes between the old generation and the new. A lively pride in his native land, accentuated by his disillusionment with Europe, caused him to protest against our cultural obsequiousness. With the fresh eye of the unawed critic he saw nothing in the older lands before which we needed to humble ourselves. He argued that we needed to turn our eyes away from Europe and concentrate on our own creative achievements. Only by encouraging the expression of our peculiar American spirit and perpetuating our ideals in artistic form could we hope to attain our rightful place among the cultures of the world.

The promise of America — a richer, freer life for all — excited Bourne's imagination. The United States was to him "a unique sociological fabric," a novel union of men possessed of incalculable opportunities. "We have transplanted European modernity

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to our soil, without the spirit that inflames it and turns all its energy into mutual destruction. Out of these foreign peoples has somehow been squeezed the poison." As a result we have been able, without being aware of it, to establish "the first international nation" in a world which has long dreamed of internationalism in vain. This trans-national character is our great contribution to civilized society. If we are to be true to our destiny we must treasure our cosmopolitan heritage: not confine our culture to the narrowness of the melting pot, but broaden it to the variegated vastness of a trans-national society.

Meanwhile Bourne watched the United States drift towards the war in Europe with increasing dread. He believed that our participation in the carnage would be catastrophic. "The war — or the American promise: one must choose. One cannot be interested in both. For the effect of the war will be to impoverish the American promise." He had no choice. He hated war — the antithesis of everything that was dear to him — and fought it openly and desperately. Whoever favored war he attacked without quarter — thereby alienating most of the editors and many of his friends. For all the extremity of his position, his mind was never clearer and his logic never keener or more eloquent. Up to his death in December, 1918, resulting from an attack of pneumonia, he fought for the American promise with a courage and conviction that placed him with the eminent pacifists of his time.

Those intellectual pacifists, from John Dewey down, who had in 1916 turned to war as a means of safeguarding democracy, received Bourne's severest lashings. In a series of passionately provocative papers in the *Seven Arts*, which James Oppenheim later collected in *Untimely Papers*, he pilloried these teachers and friends of his for their rationalized apostasy.

His strongest castigation was reserved for John Dewey. The latter had been his revered mentor for years. The philosophy of instrumentalism had inspired his thinking and nurtured his ideas on education and culture. When the war in Europe began to cast its ominous shadow across the Atlantic, he expected Dewey, the leading American thinker, to oppose the oncoming militarism with

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a clear and forthright analysis of its underlying fallacies. Instead, his idol accepted the summons to war and even chided the pacifists for their nonconformity. Reflection led Bourne to the painful conclusion that instrumentalism had trained a generation of young men who could not distinguish ends from means, who could readily execute orders but lacked the vision to discern the ideas behind these orders. While Dewey himself had stressed the primacy of values, the unhappy ambiguity in his exposition of the nature of values had caused many of his students to confuse results with product. And while Dewey himself had developed vision and technique together, his teaching had tended to accentuate technique at the expense of vision. With war inevitably undermining values and favoring technique, the pragmatic vision of instrumentalism caused it to "end in caution, regression and a virtual failure to effect even that change which you so clearsightedly and desirously see."

Bourne's unfinished study of the state, begun shortly before his death, is probably the most important of his writings. An iconoclastic, emotional, almost mystical criticism of the state power, it is in a true sense an extension and accentuation of the earlier similar attacks of the extreme abolitionists and individualist anarchists, and particularly that of Thoreau. His chief contention was that the state perpetrated war and fed upon the death of its subjects. "For war is essentially the health of the State," was his ironic refrain. The state, he insisted, was not at all the equivalent of the nation. The latter was synonymous with the people and served their intrinsic welfare. Nations never warred with one another, since their interests were never in conflict. States, on the contrary, existed for the sole purpose of waging war and becoming strong at the expense of vanquished states. Governments were their agents and served them by declaring war without consulting the people who did the fighting and the dying.

Yet the state was no more God-given than any other social institution. Its exaltation was instigated by the class which used it as a means of gaining wealth and power at the expense of the nation as a whole. "The sanctity of the State becomes identified with the sanctity of the ruling class and the latter are permitted

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to remain in power under the impression that in obeying and serving them, we are obeying and serving society, the nation, the great collectivity of all of us." This sanctity was successfully questioned by our Revolutionary Fathers. In the Declaration of Independence they had announced doctrines that were utterly incompatible with the divine rights of both kings and states. Unfortunately these doctrines were not given concrete political form. Men did not know how to take advantage of their newly won liberty. War weariness, exaggerated fear of other states, and economic distress caused many of them to sigh for their former political fleshpots — thereby permitting the reestablishment of the state.

From a pragmatic standpoint Randolph Bourne was a tragic failure. In possession of all the intellectual qualifications for leadership, well on his way toward a position of power and influence, he deliberately rejected the world at a time of crisis and assumed the role of an outcast howling in the wilderness. History, however, will deal more fairly with him. For he belongs not with the politicians but with the prophets. What mattered in his case was not his reaction to daily events or his judgment of temporal affairs, but his energetic stimulation of our minds and his vision of the good life. Few Americans possessed his enthusiasm for the deepening and enrichment of our indigenous culture. His energy and eagerness and sympathy injected into his writing the dynamic appeal which activated and amplified the renascence then in progress.

With a more vital cultural growth he sought greater social justice. Oppression and exploitation, slums and poverty and ignorance — these scabs of inequality offended his soul, and he cried out against them with indignation. "What attracted him," declared Van Wyck Brooks, "was the common struggle and aspiration of youth and poverty and the creative spirit everywhere, the sense of a new socialized world groping its way upward. It was this rich ground-note in all his work that made him, not the critic merely, but the leader."

It was his passionate eagerness for the richer and freer life of the

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American promise that made him oppose the war so desperately. He knew only too well that war rode roughshod over culture, and therefore fought it with all his heart and soul. He readily suffered the loss of his reputation, his income, and many of his friends. He continued his Jeremian harangue even after ostracism had driven him into the wilderness. For his idealistic zeal had sublimated his pacifism into prophecy. His dissenting voice, rising accusingly against the moral myopia of the mob, gave expression to a patriotism far nobler than that of the war leaders: a love of country that held fast to the ideal of the ultimate good at a time when practical citizens were concerned solely with matters of daily immediacy. It was this nobility of vision — so irritating to men of action in times of crisis, and yet so vital to the moral health of society — that places Randolph Bourne among the true, if minor, prophets of America.

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The Sporting Scene: 1864

Cowl Rider

THAT EVERY able-bodied American is not expert in the use of the rapier, and that cricket is not the national game, are no fault of the publishers of the *American Boy's Book of Sports and Games: A Repository of In-and-Out-Door Amusements for Boys and Youth.*

For the publishers of this muscle-building, yet refining work were firmly of the opinion that fencing "must become universal among our young men as the military prestige of America increases," and they said hopefully of cricket that "this is essentially an English game . . . but seems to be gaining ground."

Although comparatively few moderns are familiar with quarte, tierce, seconde, demi-cercle, octave, and so on, fencing is far from being a lost art. The sport has, in fact, gained in popularity in recent years, whereas cricket is something most Americans come across only in *Tom Brown's School Days*. The publishers of the *American Boy's Book*, if they are looking this way between celestial games of Hook 'Em Sniffey or Spans and Snops, must be mildly disappointed to observe that many of their recommended pastimes are no longer favored by youngsters, and that the game of tennis, which bade fair to remain a European (and effeminate) sport at the time the book was written, is now an approved form of American exercise requiring skill and endurance. On the other hand, the authors of the volume, were they able now to view our contemporary indoor and outdoor diversions, no doubt would be pleased to discover how numerous are the games, particularly those played by small children, that have changed little since

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1864 when the *American Boy's Book* appeared, and how many toys in use today are virtually indistinguishable from those of eighty years ago.

The *American Boy's Book*, published in New York by Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann Street, was one of the most (if not *the* most) complete books on recreation ever to appear in this country. The volume is remarkable not only for the number of subjects it covers, from "Climbing Trees" to "How to See Through a Philadelphia Brick," but also for its style and for its 600 illustrations, which are "in many instances [says the preface] from original designs by White, Herrick, Wier, Harvey, and other celebrated American and English artists . . . engraved in Mr. N. Orr's most felicitous manner, and leave nothing to be desired in the way of artistic beauty, finish and correctness."

The anonymous editors managed to fill 590 closely-written pages with material "of a kind to fascinate and delight the youth of America," keeping their work, the while, on what today would be considered a painfully high moral plane. Perhaps it was so then. Concerning *Le Diable*, for example, which is described as "a French game," the authors observe that it bears a name "which we do not care to translate into English," and they declare that toy dealers "get over the difficulty by calling it a *Les graces cone*, so we will do the same." The toy, which is still to be seen now and then, consists of a wooden double cone which is flung upward from a string attached to two sticks, one being held in each hand about two feet apart. "How to See Through a Philadelphia Brick," listed among "Optical Amusements," involves the construction of an elaborate box-like contrivance, containing mirrors, enabling the beholder to see "through" a brick placed within it. The editors failed to reveal why the term "Philadelphia brick" was used; perhaps the reference was intended as a joke, in which event the modern reader may be led to assume that things Philadelphian were as difficult to see through in 1864 as they often are now.

A glance at the contents reveals, among pastimes reviewed by the editors, playground or outdoor games, with or without toys; "Athletic and Graceful Recreations," including gymnastics, skating, swimming, boating, horsemanship, driving (with horses),

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angling and fencing; "Amusements with Pets," dealing with cage birds, talking birds, domestic fowl, rabbits, squirrels, common and white mice, guinea pigs, raccoons and dogs. The intricacies of designing and operating fresh and salt water aquaria are not neglected.

In the course of their dissertation on rabbits, the editors include several lines on a "gentleman who devoted a good deal of time to rearing rabbits" and who "noticed that the offspring paid great deference to their first father."

Attention is also given to "rainy day" games, and to "comic diversions" (such as "Knocking the Head Against the Door"), scientific, optical, pneumatic and arithmetical amusements. In connection with stamp collecting, which is mentioned briefly, the authors note: "In the United States, we have several private postal companies, but it is uncertain whether the stamps belonging to them should have a place in our albums. We give . . . as a sample, one that formerly existed in New York." The sample illustrated shows a "Boyd's City Post" stamp, bearing a picture of Mercury, scantily clad, surrounded by the legend, "Metropolitan 2 Cents." Are there any stamp albums today in which "Boyd's City Post" appears?

Tops, kites and marbles make their appearance every spring, much as they did in 1864. The top, sad to say, appears to have entered a period of decline of late, taking a poor second place to the yo-yo, symbol of a more mechanical age. Tops, as the authors of the *American Boy's Book* state, are "very good toys," especially if spun by the "honest, *overhanded* method" and not by the underhand technique. (The editors' moral: "We should advise our friends in this, as in every other more important affair in life, to eschew all underhanded proceedings.") And hoops — whatever has become of hoops made of stout ashen lath, and of hoop races at which "he who arrived at the winning post last is generally received with groans, hisses and other vocal signs of disapprobation"?

Cricket, as noted previously, has become a curiosity in these parts, and the nineteen pages devoted to it in this book would attract few readers today. Baseball (or as the authors have it,

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Base-ball) was given ten pages, and croquet — "only recently introduced in this country" and "likely to become popular" — merited eight. Baseball also was known at the time as Rounders, or Town Ball, and, as the writers correctly although grudgingly predicted, "bids fair to become to this country what cricket is to England — the national game."

The fundamental rules for baseball as now observed are remarkably similar to those in effect in 1864. Of particular interest is the evidence that umpires in those days had pretty much the same troubles as those shouldered by their successors, for the editors remark, genteelly, that "the position of the umpire is not altogether desirable."

The rules of the game in those days stipulated that the bat could be any length to suit the striker (batter), that home base should be marked by a "flat circular iron plate" (hence, home plate), and that "should the pitcher fail to deliver to the striker fair balls, for the apparent purpose of delaying the game . . . the umpire, after warning him, shall call one ball, and if the pitcher persists in such action, two and three balls; when three balls have been called, the striker shall be entitled to the first base." The regulations, adopted by the National Association of Base-Ball Players, also provided that if the batter persisted in allowing good pitches to go by, the umpire could begin to call strikes.

This is something today's bleacher-bleaters may have forgotten — that balls and strikes originally were called only when the pitcher or batter held up the game. The rules also specified that no substitutions would be allowed after the game had begun "unless for reason of illness or injury" and that no person "shall be competent to play in any match [who] shall at any time receive compensation for his services as a player." Them were the days!

The illustrators of the *American Boy's Book*, whose accuracy was advertised in the preface, came a cropper when they pictured golf, as they confused the game with field hockey in its most violent form. Little harm was done, however, because golf in the 1860's was nothing to write home about. As many a golfer today will recall with a little encouragement at the nineteenth hole, it was not so long ago that the golf ball was leather-covered and

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stuffed with feathers, and after it was boiled to obtain proper shrinkage, it was painted with white lead. Thus it was in 1864, when a golf course could boast as many holes as the "peculiarities and capacities of the ground" permitted, and when the distance from tee to hole was largely a matter of topographical accident.

Although engrossed, chapter after chapter, in their efforts to develop a wholesome spirit in the youth of the day and to warn them of life's pitfalls, the authors were not above recommending a bit of spirits to the young sportsman when the occasion seemed proper. Under "General Directions to Be Followed by Persons Learning to Skate," Direction No. 6 says: "After an unlucky immersion in the water, the unfortunate skater should immediately take off his skates and, if able, run home as quickly as he can. He should then pull off all his wet clothes, take a tablespoonful of brandy in a glass of hot water, rub himself off thoroughly with dry towels, and go to bed." No better advice exists.

Although 1864 was not the best of years in which to bring out a book on boys' games, apparently the Dick & Fitzgerald volume was not lost amid war's alarums, since more than ten years later it was being presented to young Americans as a Christmas gift (at $2 the copy). It is doubtful that any subsequent publication has equaled the *American Boy's Book* in scope. That point may be argued, but the white-haired gentlemen who no longer roll hoops but who remember this repository of amusements will, no doubt, defend to the last the assertion that no other single book of its kind has proved as exhaustive a source of information concerning the "refining occupations of indoor life" and those manly sports that make for "strength, courage and a wholesome spirit of emulation."

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The American Scholar Forum

The idea for this Forum was born at a meeting of the Editorial Board, when one member said, "They're coming back at last. Let's give them a chance to tell what they saw and how they felt about it."

That was the only restriction placed on the contributors to this symposium: "Tell what you saw and how you felt about it." But I cannot resist spanning the entire issue by a backward look to Jacques Barzun's telling editorial. Mr. Barzun's final pronouncement on today's "manufactured" scholarship reads: "But the living speech of a true witness is absent." I do not think you will find it absent here. (Editor)

OVERSEAS REPORT

Souvenirs from Iran

Al Hine

The only souvenirs I have left now from a year and a half in Iran as an enlisted man with the Persian Gulf Command are a brass ashtray bearing the signature of the Firdowsi Hotel; an allegedly silver cigarette case displaying a fine engraving of Stalin; a ten-cent seal which purports to convey to any convenient wax the name "Al" as translated into Farsi; a Russian-English dictionary; a framed map of Iran; and a headful of pleasant and unpleasant memories.

It might be just as well, and especially revealing, to review my time in Iran in the light of these souvenirs. The ashtray is a symbol of my first, flush phase as a military visitor. Our forces there in late 1942 and early 1943 were still called the Persian Gulf *Service* Command to emphasize our non-combative role as transporters of supplies for Russia. Headquarters had been at Basra, Iraq, originally and it wasn't until January, 1943, that the actual trek to Tehran was under way. I moved to Tehran, in a mixed-up status — part sergeant; part correspondent for *Yank*, the Army Weekly — just as the first Americans were taking up residence in quantity. I lived, for the first few months, at the Firdowsi Hotel.

While a private in the Army Engineers, AL HINE was picked for the original staff of *Yank, the Army Weekly*. He was for eighteen months editor of the Persian Gulf edition printed in Tehran. Before his discharge in December, 1945, he had become managing editor of *Yank*. Mr. Hine is now working on an experimental project for the Curtis Publishing Company.

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The Firdowsi was one of those Middle Eastern hostelries, black in the memory of every U. S. enlisted man, which were fronted by large signs proclaiming "In Bounds to Officers Only." In the early confusion of Iran in 1943, this was interpreted as applying to His Majesty's Forces alone. An American soldier could get a room alongside British and American civilian and military advisers to the Iranian government, correspondents of all allied and neutral nations, and just plain wealthy civilian guests.

The bread riots of December, 1942, were over when our Army arrived, but there were still evidences of the starvation and the Axis prodding which had caused the rioting. There were still beggars on the streets who *were* starving. There were still swastikas mysteriously appearing overnight, chalked on public monuments and even on the building housing U. S. Army Headquarters. There was still the Axis short-wave radio beaming the good news that Hitler really was an Iranian, a Moslem, and, in fact, the last, long-awaited Imam who would lead Islam to triumph over the corrupt Christians of the West.

The Firdowsi was the home of rumor and of local high life. Its reign as a social center was short, but strenuous. Those were the days of the eight o'clock curfew; no one was allowed on the streets after that hour in the evening without a special pass. Characters caught in the Firdowsi after eight usually settled down to an almost all-night session at the bar, devoting themselves to the lethal mixture of vodka and vermouth, and ordering a bed in the informal upper dormitory to see them through till streets were once more open.

There were British and American officers, the already-mentioned correspondents, Polish and Balkan ladies of temperament and talent and dubious character, civilian technicians from the airfield and oil fields of Abadan, a few curious and well-heeled Iranians. Regular evening rites included ping-pong played with the Polish waitresses with a solitary ping-pong ball, a round dining-room table, and hands in place of rackets; arguments about American or British superiority; endless listening to BBC on the short-wave radio in the bar; badinage with Serbian Dolly, the bar-mistress and social arbiter of the hotel.

The pleasant and aloof life of the Firdowsi broke up only when the hotel climbed too readily on the inflation band wagon. During one week, prices — both for meals and for rooms — seemed to change daily. With my sergeant's pay and meager Army per diem, I left early. And not long after me came most of the correspondents, officers and civilians. The informal foreign social center of the town split and moved to the U. S. and British Army Headquarters and embassies.

The Stalin cigarette case — I hasten to add that I am not a Party member or even a non-Party echo — is a relic of the Tehran conference.

The conference caught me on a trip in the south of Iran. I was trying to gather story material in southern camps, in the dead-hot atmosphere of Khorram-shahr and in the muggy dampness of Bandar Shahpur, when rumors of the conference began to trickle down the GI grapevine. I had seen Chiang Kai-shek pass through Abadan by plane a few days before the rumors started, so I was exceedingly superior. "The conference is in Cairo," I told everyone. "This Tehran talk is just a blind."

When all civilian traffic by railroad north to Tehran was stopped, I lost my superiority in a hurry and wangled an engine pass to hurry north as fast as lend-lease freight shipments would carry me.

I arrived just as the conference closed and found practically no thrill of enthusiasm among the Tehran GIs at being close to history-making. The town had been shut up clam-tight during the conference days, and Army personnel, except for MPs on guard duty and a few men directly concerned with feeding and waiting on the bigwigs, had been confined to their camps.

The only obvious results of the conference were in the shops. There were medals, plaques, lighter and cigarette cases, compacts, and water colors of the Big Three — separately and individually — everywhere. I picked on the Uncle Joe case because the engraving was better and the subject seemed to me at the time more exotic than either the familiar F.D.R. or the florid Winnie. I'm afraid it was

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typical of most soldier-bought Iranian silver work. It turned greenish-yellow in a few weeks, betraying its probable origin as a Skoda hubcap.

The ten-cent seal was brought to me by a friend who overstayed me in Tehran. I never thought to buy one for myself, but I remember well the bazaar section where they were sold, cut while you waited by soft-spoken, unshaven men in ragged European hand-me-down clothes. Americans never got very close to the poorer Iranians (enlisted men got a little closer than officers), who made up the great, overwhelming bulk of the population.

Iran was literally a country without a middle class. On the one hand were the politicos, the profiteers, the landowners and the army officer caste; on the other, the endless ragged rows before the shops which sold rationed fuel oil, bread and opium. The GIs who carried back home with them an utter contempt for Iran, carried it back because of the filth and degradation they saw on every side. On the upper level in Iran, graft was a profession; on the lower level, petty theft, begging and prostitution took its place. Ragged, thin children drank in the open sewers that ran through the imitation-modern, European section of Tehran. Children in the native city proper fared even less well. There was disease and poverty and starvation all through the broad base of Iran's population, and mostly callous good-living and comfortable profiteering above.

The dictionary remains a monument to my attempt to learn Russian and to learn to know the Russians. I was unsuccessful in both endeavors, as most U. S. soldiers were. I couldn't find time to learn the language, and except in a few happy instances it was almost impossible to surmount the twin barrier of Red and U. S. Army disapproval, and meet our allies.

The two armies met at various points through the command, and the Americans stationed at those few points — some of them — got to know individual Russians quite well. Usually, in these cases, men of the two armies liked each other; there was mutual respect and friendship. But the cases were all too few. Our own Army put every barrier possible in the way of meeting and getting to know Russians. The Russians, as a matter of policy, seemed determined to avoid any alien contacts. What should have been a melting pot of international understanding deserved better comparison to a kennels where strange dogs eyed one another warily through impassable wire fences.

The map of Iran was a present from my wife after I got home. It hangs on the wall to remind me, rather unnecessarily, of my eighteen months of traveling up and down, from Tehran to the Gulf and back again and out again and back. I can see all of Persia there, to stimulate that headful of memories, pleasant and unpleasant.

On the pleasant side were sunny but not stifling days in Tehran, when even the dilapidated droshkies looked picturesque and you could get a long vodka-lime in a garden café, or a *chocolat-glacé* (the nearest thing in the Middle East to an American milk shake) in any one of the busy little coffee houses on Laleh-zar Street. Pleasant, too, was the motor transport route from the Gulf in the early spring, when green was creeping up through the deep-cut valleys, and nomad tribes, dodging the military trucks on the crude highway, followed the grass north with wives and children, horses, sheep, cows and dogs, all swarming in a disorderly mass along the road.

Pleasant was the snow-topped peak of Mt. Damavand, visible from Tehran as a cool promise even when the city was sweltering. And the mountain resorts above Tehran, where you could escape in summer to moderately caressing breezes, and in winter even to skiing. And the hospitable messes of occasional Liberty ships in the Gulf, where merchant seamen would treat a GI to a new substitute for Spam called steak. And the sound of camel bells, a caravan passing beside the tents of a southern camp in the just-light haze of an early morning.

Unpleasant was the incredible heat of the Gulf ports where GI longshoremen had to handle metal with heavy gloves to avoid burns and where men poured their canvas cots full of water before even trying to catch a troubled spell of sleep. And the officers' club which was built at Ahwaz before the enlisted men had barracks or a finished hospital. And the many officers and few enlisted

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men who spent their off-duty hours learnedly denouncing the Russian allies to whom we were bringing supplies. And the black market conniving, and universal inflation which quadrupled the price of a meal in less than a year. And sand-fly fever and malaria. And the just plain flies that would cover your sweating face like a veil until the weather got too hot even for them. And the dust in the south that got through every crack and laid a thin gray-beige layer on your clothes and your bedding and your food and on you.

I feel still too close to my Persian Gulf days to be able to say honestly whether the good canceled out the bad or not. It would be strange and interesting to visit Iran again as a civilian and see just how many of my prejudices were army-born; just how many new ones I might pick up to replace them. The Command accomplished its supply job successfully; it left a few men behind it in the Persian earth, victims of disease or accident; it brought most of its men home, more appreciative of America than ever before and more suspicious of the wonders of the Golden Road to Samarkand.

Burma Was Jungle Noises

Adie Suehsdorf

We were sitting around a short-wave radio in the North Burma jungle listening to reports of the great invasion of Europe.

"Captain Johnson," said the G-2, when the BBC paused for breath, "whole armies are elbowing each other for standing room on the Normandy beachhead. Here in Burma we are not so crowded. I think it would be instructive and entertaining if you would figure out for us the density of Allied troops on the French coast and compare it with our own concentrations here. Report tomorrow night."

The captain swallowed. Anywhere else this might have been a routine assignment, but not in Burma. The nearest map of France was probably 1,000 miles away in Calcutta, and our library of comic books, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was a poor source for strength reports on our units in Normandy. Still, the G-2 was a colonel, a rank which considers everything possible and nothing too much trouble. We felt for the captain, who already led a troubled life as a press censor and was bright yellow from atabrine.

During the next twenty-four hours, he listened untiringly to his radio, although he knew it was hopeless. His colleagues in Europe were censoring the news so diligently that he could glean nothing of any use. Between programs he drew improbable maps of France on the jungle floor. Bystanders' opinions of these efforts were solicited, and arguments raged as imperfect memories tried to recall high school geography and the Mercator projections, on which France was usually purple and the size of a quarter.

It was a brave attempt, though inevitably an unsuccessful one. When we gathered the next evening the captain just didn't have the faintest notion how we stacked up with the boys in Europe.

That's all there is to the story. I wish it could have ended otherwise, for it does not show us off to good advantage. Nevertheless, this humble failure illustrates several points that should go into any article about the China-Burma-India Theater: our remoteness, our isolation, our small size, our frustrations. I think even the colonel understood that he had really asked the captain to confirm our status as the poor relations of the Global War.

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Our remoteness certainly was not the fault of the ATC. If you had a high travel priority, you could leave New York on Tuesday and arrive in Burma in time to spend the week-end with us. The reaction set in later. You realized that to get where you were you had crossed an ocean and a continent, sliced across part of another ocean and spanned the sub-continent of India. Then you felt remote.

Isolation was a burden imposed by the jungle itself. In China, you could be deserted in a small outpost at the end of the line without becoming lonely. In the jungle, you could live with a regiment and feel as though you were the last people on earth.

Like all isolation, it stemmed from bad communications. There was only one thoroughfare in North Burma — the Stilwell Road — and it was a rare day that did not find some part of it impassable. On either side of this narrow ribbon of safety was the prolific, dangerous jungle.

The only other way to beat the jungle was to fly over it, and it was from the air that you saw its unyielding denseness best. It was every shade of green and brown, and it was limitless. Even in the air you felt isolated, for aside from the occasional six-by-sixes, trucking supplies down The Road, you saw no movement.

The question of size depended on your perspective. Geographically, of course, the theater was gigantic. From the standpoint of men, guns, planes, vehicles, equipment — in fact, everything but the objective — it was small. The objective was big and tough: to drive superior Japanese forces out of North Burma and away from the old Burma Road so that the Stilwell Road, following the route of the combat troops, could become a channel of supplies to collapsing China.

These tasks, coupled with our smallness, accounted for our frustrations. It is to Uncle Joe Stilwell's great credit that he held us all together and got the job done.

I was with an Office of War Information field unit, and our part of the job was psychological warfare, or combat propaganda. Our operational base was near Ledo, a small, dreary settlement lying among the rich tea plantations of Upper Assam, in the northeastern corner of India. It took about five hours to get there by plane from Calcutta, or two days by the Bengal and Assam Railway. The latter was not recommended to anyone who felt like getting on with the war.

The B. & A. was not built for war, but for tea. It hauled tea out and it hauled rice for the tea coolies in. Incidentally, it ran tourists to Darjeeling in the Himalayas, British and Indian troops to their bases in Manipur, and civil affairs officers to the Chin, Khasi and Naga tribal districts.

Speed and comfort played no part in its plans. Unlike the Northwest Railway or the de luxe trains of the East India line, the B. & A. was dull-eyed, slack and slatternly. It pulled out of the cavernous Howrah station in Calcutta under protest, wheeled along at a blinding twenty miles per hour, and sulked every foot of the way.

American engineers were finally placed at the throttle of these trains in an effort to curb their eccentricities and speed up the delivery of supplies. They put the spurs to the balky creatures, and it aroused no pity in my heart to hear them screaming with pain as they fled down the track in the dark of an Assamese night.

The East is full of night sounds that stick in the mind and give a third dimension to the memory. The scenes are sharp and the pungent smells rise up again; the recollection is complete when pinned upon a sound.

The clop-clop of the swaying tongas mean Delhi and Lahore. In blacked-out Calcutta it was the barking bulb horns of the Sikh taximen's touring cars and the tap of the coolies' little bells against the shafts of their rickshas. In Chungking it was the cries of the street vendors. In Yenan it was the bells of the camel trains plodding in with goods from Mongolia, or the great silence of falling snow under a full moon, and old hills gray and indistinct.

Burma was jungle noises. Not big ones; you never heard elephants or tigers or jackals. But the small ones: the buzzes and hums and whirrs that were just a decibel away from silence. They were pulsations rather than sounds, and they were made by insects which died by the thousands every night. They whirled around your lamp and fell, fluttering, to the floor, while you sat sweating through

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the back of your shirt, stinking of insect repellent, and drinking wonderful, warm, aluminum-tasting water.

It may sound uncomfortable, but it wasn't bad. Physical discomfort was never intolerable if everyone suffered equally. I found rain seeping through a leaky roof at Kunming more annoying than a walk with water-filled shoes through a drenching monsoon downpour at Myitkyina. This was because no one else was wet at Kunming, while at Myitkyina no one else was dry.

As for the temperature, however, no matter how far the mercury sank or soared, my New York correspondents invariably had a taller tale to tell.

The lore of the jungle was a different matter. This was received in the United States with deference and no back-chat. It ranged from the amazing to the incredible, but it defied criticism, for you were never sure where truth left off and legend began.

It was culled from the old wisdom of the jungle people of Burma; and we, as Americans, were fortunate enough to hear most of it from an American, a missionary's son, who had grown up in the midst of it. As a youngster he had been free of racial consciousness, like all children, and had entered the life stream of many peoples. He spoke with them, hardly realizing he knew six languages; because he was a child they were unafraid, and thus he learned their fears. He learned everything that adults, strangers, interlopers — all latecomers — can never hope to learn.

As a young man he became an American.

When I knew him, this circumstance exempted him from charges of deceiving gullible fellow-nationals and, more important, had given him the perspective to appreciate his knowledge and the vocabulary with which to be articulate about it.

He told us of the Shans — gentle, timid people and keen farmers — and of the head-hunting Wild Wa tribesmen, experts with poisoned arrows, deadfalls, man-traps and the dah, which is Burma's short-sword, ax and scythe. He sang us the plaintive love songs of the Lahus. He told us of the bean which counteracts intoxication, and how to get drinking water from bamboo. He showed us the curved, precise fangs of the King Cobra as he skinned him, and warned us of the sluggish, deadly, terrifying krait. He said it could not strike above the ankle, but that its venom — unlike others, which disintegrate the blood — crept irresistibly through the veins, killing by coagulation.

Often he hunted the tiger, the panther and the leopard, and once he strangled a gibbon whose gun-shot wounds were mortal but whose death was lingering.

He recounted Lahu history: misty, unrecorded, Old Testament stuff, telling of a Lahu Eden, the Fruit, the Flood, the Tower of Babel, and even of One who would die to redeem mankind.

With the same matter-of-factness, he spoke of ghosts and spirits. He told us of the moaning grass. A phenomenon of the wet season, he said, when the sky is troubled, the jungle drips, and the ground is boggy underfoot. Then the spirits of those who have died in childbirth or of violence groan in their graves, lamenting their premature departure from the body.

If you walk in the jungle at this time you can hear it, and it's not the wind or an exhalation of the earth. Off in the elephant grass it sounds as though a spent man is dying. And if you hasten to the spot, the sound moves. And if you follow it, it goes back to the grave from which it came.

There's nothing to fear; these are benign spirits. The malevolent ones are the vampirish man-tigers and the ghosts of suicides, whose unnatural antics, such as making trees shudder when there is no wind, are efforts to frighten away the spirits of living men in order to take possession of their bodies. To forestall this evil, suicides are buried face downward, so that the ghosts' vision will likewise be obscured, and their feet are pierced with bamboo stakes to hinder the ghosts' pursuit of the living.

Worst of all is the "tok." This is an ape-like creature of pure horror, somewhat like Beowulf's Grendel. My friend was not reluctant to speak of the "tok," but the pleasure went out of his voice. He had seen the demon twice. Once he had wrestled with it and nearly lost his life.

It was in eastern Burma that he was awakened one night by a noise in the living

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room of his bungalow. Taking a shotgun, he entered the room. A shaft of moonlight cut across it, and in the darkness beyond was the beast. The man fired and hit the thing full in the chest. Streaming blood, it leapt upon him and in silence they wrestled, each seeking to throttle the other.

My friend always lost himself at this point. He grew vague on details, but stuck, like a browbeaten but dogged witness, to his main points: the terror that gripped him, and the feel of the rough hair on the heaving, living body of the "tok."

The struggle ended when the "tok" suddenly broke away and ran out into the night, leaving my friend exhausted and with a handful of its hair.

In daylight (and here he grew firmer again), he followed the "tok's" blood-stained trail till it vanished in the jungle beside a plant which the natives use to stanch their wounds. He has never seen the creature since.

Now I sit here in New York, passing this off as a story. I am far from Burma and skepticism is a Stateside luxury, like beer, that one returns to. My friend told me that he sent the hair to the Museum of Natural History and that the people there reported it to be unlike the pelt of any known animal. But I doubt that I shall ever check up.

Germany: The Road Back

Debs Myers

The civilian policeman in Leipzig stopped the old man on the bicycle and shook him. The old man said he was deaf, and he had not heard the policeman tell him to stop. The people on the sidewalks beamed and nodded approvingly as the policeman shook the old man by the collar. The Germans said to each other that this policeman would tolerate no foolishness.

The Germans have yielded to authority for a long time. They like discipline. They like to do things by the numbers. German boys still play soldier. They build pillboxes and forts in the fields. They drill with broomsticks. As they march they count in boyish cadence. German boys talk wistfully of the time when they will become soldiers, and they take it for granted that they will become soldiers.

◎ Shortly before the war DEBS MYERS had become day city editor of the *Chicago Sun*. After training as a cannoneer for his first seven months in the army, Sergeant Myers was transferred to the staff of *Yank, the Army Weekly*, in which capacity he served in the United States, France, Germany, Austria and Hungary.

There was sixteen-year-old Hans Muller, who had surrendered to the Americans outside Berchtesgaden and later had been made flunky and mascot by the 101st Airborne. He had served as a rifleman with the Germans in Russia. When the Germans were driven back by the Russians, Hans Muller had returned home to Munich. He learned that his father had been killed on the Western Front and that his mother had been killed in an American bombing attack.

Hans bore the Americans no malice. He liked them. More than anything else in the world, he wanted to keep on being a soldier. He said that maybe he could become an American soldier.

"They don't march so well as the Germans," he said, "but they eat much better. No one, of course, fights so well as the Germans. Hitler was a good man. He was betrayed by his generals. Germany would have won the war if it hadn't been for the generals. It was the generals who caused the war against Russia."

There was Peter Schmidt of Bremen. He was twelve years old and he wanted to become a German general. "With a jeep all my own," he said. When Peter was introduced to anyone, or when he said goodbye, he clicked his heels and bowed from the waist,

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In a schoolroom in Aachen, three German boys — two of them seven and one of them eight — were modeling with clay. They were having a contest, they said, to see who could make the best fort.

To the GIs of the American occupation army, weary of discipline and fed up with soldiering, all this seems incredible. Cpl. Edward Reagan, of Des Moines, Iowa, who was stationed outside Nuremberg, summed it up: "If these kids were mine and they stepped off with their left foot first, I would kick 'em in the pants from here to Paris."

It gets harder and harder to find a German who will admit that he was a Nazi. The Germans say that the Nazis live in the next block, or in the next town. When the war ended, millions of Nazis moved down the street a way.

It's much easier to find a German who admits that he likes Hitler. Piously these Germans say that Hitler was a good man misled by bad advisers. They sigh gustily when they tell of Hitler's romance with Eva Braun. "She chose to die with the Fuehrer," the Germans say, and they roll their eyes and wheeze gloomily in unhappy recollection of the good old days.

The Hitler legends grow. To some of the Germans, he was the kindly man of peace who built roads and factories and a new Germany, and everyone was happy except those people in the concentration camps, and those people in the concentration camps were all troublemakers, anyway, weren't they? To other Germans, Hitler was the fierce, all-wise warrior — the tough guy who knew how to run a mob; and there are plenty of Germans who don't like anything better than being a member of a mob.

There are, of course, many Germans these days who are sorry they ever heard of Hitler, much less supported him. These Germans look at the ruined cities, the sprawling cemeteries, and they say that Hitler is a great criminal. They hate him because Germany lost the war. The Germans never did have much use for a loser.

And, in justice, there are Germans who hated Hitler from the start. These are the men and women back from the concentration camps and torture pens. They have marks on their bodies that still haven't healed, and they have marks on their minds that will never heal.

Under Hitler the price of protest was high. Those who protested were taken away by the Gestapo. Many did not come back. Some came back with their eyes gouged out, or with their hands purple and twisted, as though they had been ground in a machine. Germans learned early to take a hint.

Times were good in those days. Everyone was busy making guns, or learning to shoot guns. It was easy to look the other way. So the Germans practiced self-deception, as some nations practice frugality. It was easier and safer to look the other way.

The men who came back from the concentration camps have learned something of other Germans. There was Herman Ziller, an anti-Fascist, who stood in the broken streets of Cologne, and told a mass meeting of Germans:

"Too many Germans watched the horror grow and did nothing. We were saved at the last by men of good will from other lands. It may be that our people will be hated wherever they walk for half a century to come.

"Yet before Germans are doomed forever as outcasts unfit for the company of good men, I hope that people of other lands will remember that the risks of fighting Hitler were torture and death. This is a hard choice to make. Let men of all lands search their own souls. Would they have risen in their own countries against their own leaders and risked beatings, castration and death?"

Herman Ziller was pale and grave, and he spoke very slowly, as though he wanted every word to be simple and plain.

"As an old anti-Fascist, as a fighter for the people, I make no excuses for the shame of Germany. Too many of our people did not stand up when the time came to be counted. The people of Germany must admit this shame to themselves, and only then will they be able to start on the road back."

Each German says he was not to blame for what happened. A few are arrogant, most are abject, and almost no one displays a sense of guilt. The Germans who were once important blame the little Germans who weren't important. The big Germans say that the

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little Germans committed excesses which the big Germans didn't know about. And the little Germans blame the big Germans. The little Germans say the big Germans wanted the whole world. The little Germans say that all they wanted was some butter for their bread.

Nowadays, there isn't much bread, and butter is something that Germans talk about and never see. When the Allies first occupied Germany, the Germans looked well-fed, better fed than anyone else in Europe. They had for four years looted the goods of their neighbors. German pantries were stocked with food. Now the food is gone, and the Germans are hungry. They say they are starving, and they know something of starvation. They watched for years while the slave-laborers starved.

The Germans live in an emotional vacuum. They show few signs of thinking beyond tomorrow and tomorrow's meal. Once they boasted: "Tomorrow the world!" Now they are eager to grub a handout.

Bernhard Schaefer, a grocer of Cologne, displayed a typical German attitude.

"Once we wanted glory," he said. "Now we want only bread. The world has come down around our ears. We no longer know what to think about anything. We are too tired to think, and when we think, our thoughts are not pleasant."

Freda Johl of Hamburg lost a husband and three sons in Russia.

"What does it matter about tomorrow?" she said. "What does anything matter? I have lost everything."

The Germans want bread, and they don't want to think. There are so many things they would like to forget. Germany is a guilty land trying to hide from its own guilt.

Czech Notebook

Allan B. Ecker

In Prague you meet such interesting people. Like the eager little man who forced a letter into my hands on the *Vaclavske Namesti*, Prague's main drag. Its optimistic message goes a long way toward summing up the Czech spirit:

"Messrs. The Ranson & Randolph Co.
Manufacturers of Dental Products
Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

Some time ago, i.e., before the war, we asked you for the general agency for your dental products in Czechoslovakia and all the countries of Central Europe. You referred us to the later future, remarking that the general agency had been given to Mr. Mayer's firm in Berlin. It occurs to us that he may no longer be able to handle this assignment. Please send us all shipments insured against risks.

Awaiting your favorable reply impatiently,
We are very truly yours,
Dst. Zdenko Nykenday Inc."

◎ ALLAN B. ECKER has been on the staffs of the *Harvard Crimson*, the *Chicago Sun* and *Yank, the Army Weekly*. At present he is a contributing editor of *Time*.

Or Ivan Jelinek, the poet-patriot who proved that the Czechs take their history — and their collaborators — seriously. Jelinek, as a lieutenant with the Czech Brigade of the government-in-exile, edited the Czech equivalent of *Yank*, a publication called *Our News*. He started up a violent letters-to-the-editor controversy by an editorial denouncing one Svaty Vaclav as a collaborator with the Germans.

Vaclav, better known as Good King Wenceslas (from the Christmas carol of the same name), was King of Bohemia back in the 10th Century, until his brother Boleslav knocked him off. Jelinek maintained that Vaclav was knuckling under to the Germans — that he was just a 10th Century Moravec (the name of one of the principal 20th Century Czech collaborators). On Jelinek's side was the incontestable fact that the Germans never disturbed the statue of Vaclav and his horse, on Prague's *Vaclavske Namesti*, in their six years of occupation. But some readers of *Our News* said the charge was a dirty lie; the only reason Boleslav killed Vaclav, they

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argued, was that he wanted the throne for himself.

After Jelinek had told this story of collaboration, the conversation shifted to the beauties of the Czech language. An American said he thought *ano* was a wonderful word because it seemed to have so many shades of meaning — "I understand," "Do you understand?" "I agree," "Of course" — besides its primary meaning of "Yes." Jelinek thought for a moment and shook his head. "The most beautiful word in the Czech language for the last six years," he said, "was *ne*. That has only one meaning. It means 'No.'"

Alena Bernaskova, a handsome leviathan of a girl who worked part-time at the Ministry of Information, was proud to belong to the new government, but even prouder that she was a student at Charles University, the famous Czech institution dating from 1348. Closed throughout the occupation by the Germans, who killed many faculty members and students and imprisoned others in the concentration camps, it was reopened only a few days after Prague's liberation. Classes resumed on S. R. O. scale, as Czechs — barred from university education for six years — all tried to pile into the lecture halls at once. In the medical college, so many students had demanded admission that there was a shortage of everything from textbooks and microscopes to "stiffs."

Then there was Libuse Hojdova, the tall, torrid and terrific "chanteuse" at the Vltava, a riverside restaurant where you sip cold tea, read newspapers provided by the management, and listen to a very brassy orchestra thumping out ragtime. The bandleader spent his off-duty hours listening by shortwave to BBC and (when he could get it) the USA, trying to write down the music to the current American and English tunes so that he could modernize his repertoire. Libuse's technique was much more direct. The last American sheet music she'd received before the Germans came was "Lovelight in the Starlight," (Tin Pan Alley, vintage 1938); its lyrics were beginning to wear a little thin, even for Libuse, who didn't know what they meant. So she simply cornered American GIs and persuaded them to teach her new songs, reciting the lyrics slowly in English, while she wrote them down in a crude Czech phonetics. Otherwise, her knowledge of English consisted of two sentences of homely philosophy, acquired heaven knows where: "Too much of something is good for nothing," and "I have no notion of the motion of the ocean." Like Liza and her aunt, who died of influenza in *Pygmalion*, Libuse dropped these remarks into the conversation on the rare occasions when things got dull.

When we departed for Czechoslovakia, the Army had not yet issued a GI Guide to Prague, but if they had, the language section should have been very simple. All you needed to know were five words: "*Nazdar*" (meaning "hello" and also "goodbye," the Czech national greeting) and "Do you speak English?" (meaning "Do you speak English?") Whenever we parked our jeep, we were surrounded within three minutes by a dozen Czechs, at least six of whom addressed us in the King's English. Some volunteered information, others asked favors or questions, but most of them just wanted to talk for the sake of talking; it was so long since they had had the chance to practice their English. One young fellow, knowing that "*Nazdar*" meant both "hello" and "goodbye," couldn't remember which was which; very solemnly he said "goodbye" as he shook our hand for the first time, and "hello," just as solemnly, when we drove away.

Our favorite linguist was Henry Horak, the dapper little Skoda Works executive who spoke a precise English acquired at the big Linguaphone Academy on the *Vaclavske Namesti*. Every time we met in the lobby of the Hotel Alcron, Henry was escorting a different lady who had also learned English via Linguaphone. "We went to school together," he would say with a small grin as he performed the introductions in a way that would have gladdened Emily Post's old heart.

Being an assistant manager at the Alcron was a tough racket during the German occu-

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pation. One hotel man was shot dead by a *Wehrmacht* officer for refusing him a room when the place was full. Nowadays things are a trifle more peaceful in Prague's Grand Hotel. Jan Borovicka, the present assistant manager, has a chance to sit back and reminisce about everything from American movies (which he dearly loves) to Nazi patrons (whom he deeply hated).

A slight, handsome fellow in his early thirties, Jan once lived in Long Beach as plain John Waterson. He says Czech customs before the war were profoundly influenced by Hollywood, and predicts they will be again. For example, it was once absolutely *comme il faut* in Prague to doff your hat when you passed a lady of your acquaintance; that social amenity suffered in the 1930's, when Gary Cooper tossed Marlene Dietrich a flippant one-finger salute every time they met (in "Morocco") — and left his hat squarely on his head. Jan also notes that Herr Dr. Goebbels once stayed at the Alcron but didn't like it; he thought the Czech waiters took unaccountably long to bring his breakfast to his suite, and that even then the food was cold and tasteless. (The Alcron prides itself on its service — and its politics.)

Most of all, I wish you could meet Ada Mayer and Kurt Kraus — Lieutenant Mayer and Staff Sergeant Kraus of the Czech Brigade. Ada was a short, chunky fellow, Kurt tall and rangy, and both of them hated the Germans like crazy. They had plenty of reason.

Ada and Kurt were born and raised in Usti nad Labem (Usti on the Elbe) — the city the Germans called "Aussig" after they took over the "Sudetenland." They loved Usti, but they loved it too much to live there as slaves; when the Germans came, they fled. With thousands of other young Czechs, they made their long and miserable way through the Balkans to the Middle East. There they joined Monty's Eighth Army as tankers, helping to chase Rommel from the desert. Later the Brigade trained in Palestine and England, then fought again in Normandy and Germany. Now, at last, it was home in Prague.

"Jungle telegraph" had brought the bitter news to Ada and Kurt periodically all through their six years of exile, so that they did not expect to find their families when they returned to Czechoslovakia. And they didn't. Ada's father had died in a gas chamber, Kurt's widowed mother of sheer exhaustion in a concentration camp. Of all their relatives, Kurt and Ada each had only one sister left (they had escaped by fleeing from the country altogether).

That was why Kurt and Ada could not understand American soldiers who gave cigarettes to *SS* prisoners and invited German girls to dances; why they were such reckless, bitter fighters in the desert (where Kurt won the British Military Medal, besides the Czech decorations both picked up); why they did not much care what happened to them. Ada had something to hope for. A morose little man with a warm heart, he longed to be reunited with his wife (whom he had met and married while training with the British in Palestine). Kurt, a cynical GI who respected Ada as an old friend but never kowtowed to his rank, would have been as much at home in our army as in his own. He had set his new philosophy of life to a jingle that went like this: "Life is hard, Pay is small, Take it easy, —— them all."

But bitter as they both were, Ada and Kurt were not nihilists. They had a vision of Czechoslovakia as they would like it to be — a country purged of the Germans who had undermined and destroyed the first republic, purged of the extremes of wealth and poverty that made life unbearable for the lowly laborer. It was a vision shared by most of their fellow Czechs.

Last week I had a letter from Ada, datelined Usti, which said in part:

> My wife arrived from Egypt, so I am very happy; also my sister and brother-in-law from Iran. These are my only relatives; all the others (forty-eight) have been killed by the Germans. I never can forget what those murderers did. I wish all those men and organizations who already are talking about the "poor Germans" will be quiet. There is not a single German here who believes that Germany did something wrong. I have seen people coming out of the movies on the concentration camps (all Germans in our home town had to see this picture) but not a single one cried. When the same picture was shown to the Czechs, people wept and some had to be carried away.

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We have begun to send the Germans into Germany — *Heim ins Reich*, as they once proclaimed they wanted to go. All are sent by train now, with belongings and money, so that really no one can say we behave like barbarians; when I think what they have done to me and mine, you can understand how I feel when we behave like this to them.

Here everything is waiting for the election. We had a good start, but now the wheels are running a little bit slower. It will be a hard fight between the party of Dr. Beneš (the Czech socialists or national democrats) and the Communists in the election. All our big industry is today nationalized. I think this will come in all countries, as it is really unhealthy when three or four men can play with the whole country, doing with the laborers what they want. Now all factories with more than 250 men belong to the country. We shall see how it works out. There is already a big difference between the time you were here and what we have today, though it will take a long time before we come to such a high standard as we had before the war. I think our country does O. K.

Meanwhile the UNRRA is working great. We have a little shortage in fats, no coffee, tea or cocoa, but there is no real food shortage. It is funny how our Czechs begin to chew gum, as they can buy K or C rations. Inside is gum, so they chew everywhere, and this is for me a memory of all my American friends. Of course, my wife and me, we are chewing too.

My English is getting worse, as I talk and write very seldom. We have in Usti an American friendship club and an English institute, so we don't forget our western allies.

Many regards to you from me and Mrs. Mayer. A baby will be soon. . . .

Take an Azimuth

French R. Fogle

It was good every morning to see the sun come boiling up out of the wake of the transport and to watch it every evening slide down into the sea ahead of us. That was the only sure sign we had that we were going where we had to go — west. For only in that direction lay the meaning of the past few months and of the future. And both comfort and excitement followed us as the ship nodded on into sunset after sunset.

When one day an incredibly green island rose out of the sea, it was to us a milestone. This wasn't the end of our journey, but it did mark a temporary objective, and we were glad to pause there to complete preparations for another jump westward. We couldn't know at the time that we would be spending the better part of a year on that rock, else it might not have looked so good. We had a lot of spirit and a lot of confidence, but we knew that we needed more training to become a major league outfit. It soon became obvious that we were going to get it, too, but there wasn't much muttering about the rigors of a full training schedule or the frequent work details that came up. This was preparation and we knew it, and we also knew that it would lead to something else.

But as month dragged on into month the clock began to run down. It began to appear that we had been forgotten. We seemed no longer a part of the big picture. All this mad activity of ours lost its meaning, because it was just double-timing in one spot. And we began to hate the rock, not only because it denied us women and good food and decent living quarters, but more because it tied us down, it halted the development of which we had first become a part in boot camp.

Boot camp had been rugged all right, but we hadn't gone there expecting to find a summer resort. It was a heterogeneous lot that we had found ourselves in, and at first the routine was just a game in which one boot stacked himself up against others to see who could take the most. But the game soon got

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◎ Between 1937 and 1942 FRENCH R. FOGLE taught English at Columbia University and the College of the City of New York. He served with the Third Marine Division at Bougainville, Guam and Iwo Jima. Mr. Fogle will return to teaching in September, 1946, at Barnard College.

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tiresome and the art of bitching was discovered. Then boot life became a series of painful indignities, dull repetitions, and wholly unnecessary labor details. Night after night we could expect to be called at any hour to fall out of warm sacks into shivering ranks, while some unhappy drill instructor gave tongue lashings that almost raised physical welts. There were dreary hours of close order drill in deep sand, which did absolutely no good so far as we could see. And the snapping-in exercises, a series of tortures that would have caused the most accomplished sadist of the Spanish Inquisition to burn with envy, made temporary cripples of even the hardiest boots.

But all that had passed and a lot of other things, too, and then a strange kind of preoccupation seemed to take hold of the whole platoon. By this time the break with the past was almost complete, and we began thinking in terms of tomorrows. Tomorrow there would be something new, something a little beyond today, a long progression of things that would take us wherever we were going. Not much was said about it, but every now and then it would come out, as when that big Greek squad leader, or maybe the little ex-bartender, would start singing, softly at first and then louder and louder as others joined in:

Over the seas let's go, men.
We're shovin' right off, we're shovin' right off again.
Nobody knows where or when
We're shovin' right off, we're shovin' right off again.

And all the rest of it. And during those moments we forgot about the bayonet drill that morning, or the hours of hitting the deck and crawling on our bellies, or whatever it was that had occupied us just before that. We were conscious — some more, some less, some, of course, not at all — of a kind of graduation and continuity to our efforts, of going on to something bigger — bigger outfits, broader worlds, and finally to the great goal, combat.

Now I don't say that any one of those men would have willingly and deliberately chosen that goal for himself had he had complete freedom of choice. They didn't hold their lives lightly. But the excitement of moving on in a progression and the visceral joy of being caught up into a great and high design were strong enough to overshadow the grim realities of both present hardship and final objective.

And then we'd been swept from boot camp out into regular outfits. We saw older, better trained units moving out, and we knew well that our turn would come too; we could almost taste it. There were hard, grinding days of training with few liberties for relief, but we knew that we were getting somewhere. Tomorrow was coming. We weren't standing still. We were moving.

Then came the day when we began to get our full equipment, and the old company gunny would give us talks that were a little solemn and full of the facts of life. "Guess we'll be shovin' off pretty soon," we'd say casually, doing our best to suppress any sign of a certain terrible excitement that would seize us at such times. And sure enough, before long there we were whooping across a whole continent in a single mad dash. Supplies and equipment were hustled aboard the transports, and then San Diego slowly dropped out of sight astern. Ahead of us lay only everything that was new and exotic and dangerous and wonderfully compelling. . . . And after all that build-up, here we were sitting on a hard rock in mid-ocean.

But even that eternity lasted only eight or nine months, and then there was a new port and a new country with white girls and ice cream and sidewalks and steaks and inside movies — and more training with new equipment. No, we weren't going to stay here long. We weren't just marking time. After seven weeks there were more transports that headed north to the islands again. We left that land with some reluctance, for it had treated us well, but it was exhilarating to be "shovin' off" again. The feeling was strong that at last this was "it."

But "it" did not come to us right away. We chafed through two more months of training at a jungle base before we finally boarded the ships that were to take us on the glory road. One murky morning we nosed up to an island that was the end of the road. And so over the side into boats that circled angrily for a little while and then streaked for

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the beach to find what this was all about. At that moment, if anyone looked back, he saw that the road hadn't been so long after all.

The violent and sometimes wonderful experiences that go with actual combat seem to me to have little to do with the kind of experience I have been trying to describe. For want of a better term, combat might be called qualitative experience, in that the events are marked not so much by number or sequence or interrelationship as by intensity and violence. This is partly because combat is timeless. When it begins, time stops and does not resume till the fighting is over and done with.

The events leading up to combat, however, are of a quite different character. They are in time, and therefore may be called quantitative experience. They are numbered, they have a discernible progression, and a logical culmination. The journey described — and similar odysseys were taking place in all parts of the world — shows that in the great number of events there was certainly variety, there was the spice of adventure and danger, and there was the strange strength that comes from common effort in a single enterprise. The sense of progress and achievement might have become dim at times, but it never left us completely, and usually it was strong and moving. Nor were we cheated of the climax to all our efforts. It was there in all its terrifying, satisfying fullness when the boats bumped up on that black beach and spilled us out on a hostile shore.

Well, all that's past now and war is certainly a terrible thing and it's so good to have the boys back home again. But I wonder if it is all past and if we really think war is such a terrible thing and if the boys don't get a bit restless now and then? Have you heard them tell the tales over and over till the wife is ready to scream? Have you seen them staring into their glasses after a few drinks with the boys, when the old nostalgia starts welling up? And have you asked them where the best people in the world are? Home seems to be a place where the labor bosses try to tell you whether you can work and when you can work, and where management wants you to work for something less than you can raise a family on. We're being shoved around by Russia and hoodwinked by Britain. We don't seem to know where we're going or just how we're going to get there. Why doesn't somebody do something? Right now, thoughts like these are running through the minds of hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of young Americans who started somewhere, got there, and did a pretty good job on arrival. And they've come back with the taste for this "quantitative experience" still lingering in their mouths, for they have known the full satisfaction of achievement in their young lives.

Well, you say, that couldn't last forever. You've got to come down to earth now. Peace has its responsibilities that must be assumed. Normal living *is* monotonous and democratic rule *is* inefficient, but those are things that must be borne.

And I guess you're right. But it isn't easy to down all these questions that keep coming up, and I'm not sure some of them should be downed. The variety that comes from island-hopping and constant change and movement can be given up. Even that gets dull anyway. But is it too much to hope that we might be a little more united and strong in our common effort, a little more certain of our directions, and a little more definite about our final objectives?

The question will be answered one way or another for every single one who asks it — and even for those who do not. It is possible that out of the great affirmations of the war years will come the answer — the azimuth we must take to confirm the victories already won.

———————

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UNDER WHATEVER SKY

Irwin Edman

Order of the Seasons

It is the time of year when plans are being made for the summer. I find it quite hard to realize that it is the cold season in southern Brazil, and quite uncomfortably chilly on June nights in Argentina. Say what one will, to one brought up in northern latitudes, the seasons are standard; winter in June and summer at Christmas are rather absurd eccentricities of lands below the equator. The rational mind prides itself on its amplitude and its flexibility. It will fall victim to no parochialism of climate or idea. There is thus nothing off centre, of course, about the Muslim and his Allah, the Hindu and his Brahma. There is nothing alien to us that is human. There, to our enlightened minds, is one world and one humanity. Of course! But winter in July and New Year's in tropical heat! I cannot help thinking the Australians must feel a little embarrassed to live in a region where seasons by any reasonable man's calendar are quite absurd.

Philosophy For the Little Ones

"But you should write a book on philosophy that children could read," said the lady who was a member of a child guidance society.

"Philosophy is not for children," I replied with considerable firmness. "It transcends their range and their interests. They could not possibly understand the language one would simply have to use."

The lady thought a moment.

"I think you are quite wrong," she said. "I think philosophy is just made for children. Philosophers, like children, get bemused by their own words, especially the long ones. Philosophers, like children, enjoy making up languages of their own, and they often get up among themselves a language nobody else can understand. I think quite young children would enjoy the jabberwocky of philosophy very much."

"Do not confuse," I insisted firmly, "the necessary technical language of philosophy with meaningless jabberwocky. Words are only meaningless to those who do not take the trouble to understand them. Furthermore, you don't mean to tell me that the issues of life and death, of nature and destiny, could be understood by adolescents, or that they would care about them."

"Certainly I do," she said. "In philosophy the elementary and the ultimate, I should have supposed, are very close together. You do not have to be a professor to have long, long thoughts about life and death and destiny. Moreover, a twelve-year-old child would be more likely than a sophisticated adult to distinguish appearance from reality, and not be taken in by cliches and labels. He would trust his eyes and his ears and his, as yet, uncorrupted mind."

"But the principles of right and wrong — good and evil?" I queried.

"I hadn't supposed," the lady said, "that one must wait till one has a Ph.D. to think

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about those things, or that one actually does."

"Or metaphysics, and the ultimate traits of all being?" I asked. "Is that child's play . . . is metaphysics kid stuff?"

"Have you never seen a child? Have you never heard a child ask what the world is made of, or who made it, and why?" she demanded. "And who else asks the simple questions about ultimate and about simple things that the adult has long come wearily to take for granted. I don't think you need worry that these questions would interest only the professional philosophers or grown-ups. Most grown-ups are not interested in right and wrong, good and evil. At least, they don't talk about them after they leave college. Have you seen many at a dinner party interested in the general traits of universal being? Or are most professors of the subject really interested in these matters? It is not only of the children that I am thinking, but of philosophy itself. Catch the child when he is very young, with a wide-eyed wonder about the world, and philosophy will be his delight. It was Aristotle, I believe, who said that philosophy began in wonder. Well, begin talking about philosophy where wonder is most alive. And," she added, "would not an ultimate philosophy have something of the innocence, the unbribed attention of children? Would not a sage have arrived at ultimate simplicities again? Really, you should write a book on philosophy for children. They might be your only unspoilt readers. Think of all the false ideas a philosopher might not have to get out of their heads."

"Mother," the lady's little girl called in, "what are you talking about?"

"Philosophy, darling," her mother said.

"Why?" asked the little girl. The lady looked at me with an air of triumph.

Conversation Piece

"And what do you think of the election of Reuther to the U.A.W.?" I heard the gentleman ask.

"Well, really, I haven't thought about it at all," replied the candid young non-thinker opposite him.

And I was led to reflect on the number of times, confronted with a sudden question about one of the thousand things a well-bred contemporary is supposed to have some opinion about, I have invented one on the spot, *ad hoc* and *ad lib* and *ad nauseum*. Nor am I alone. I have seldom observed anyone instigated by such an immediate and searching interrogation refuse to give a reply and, often in quite grammatical form, a judgment on Russia, on the atom bomb, on existentialism, on socialized medicine.

Judging by myself, I suspect I know what happens. It is only civil to answer a question. It seems blunt and rude, as well as mildly shameful, not to have a spontaneous reply concerning the major issues that are troubling mankind or the minor problems that are agitating the local parish. It seems as absurd to say: "I haven't made up my mind," in answer to an inquiry concerning Argentina, as it would to say the same words in reply to the question: "Isn't it a nice day?" And once one begins a reply, the rest is all too fatally easy. One begins not quite knowing what it is one intended to say, or what actual opinions, if any, one does have on the subject that has been broached. The theme gathers momentum in the soliloquizing mind. Within a few moments the odds and ends of anything one has read on the matter begin to come together. The idea develops almost of itself. It is a tune that begins to complicate itself in the mind. And the first thing one knows, there is a flow of sentences; and as they flow, the tone of conviction grows more emphatic.

The more one talks, the more one feels in the internal equilibrium of one's being "this is deeply what I believe." And more than that. Within two minutes, it becomes quite clear to the speaker that these notions which he has quickly marshalled out of the radio commentaries, the editorials, the brochures he has read in the last year, are opinions of his own — long, deeply and painfully pondered. They are offered now with the weight of conclusions that have grown out of months of industrious and conscientious study and reflection.

"What do you think of Niebuhr's theology, of the new President of Vassar, of the future of air transportation, of book clubs, of the new women's hats, of Truman's chances in

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1948, of the nature of happiness?" At the drop of a hat, or of the handkerchief of the lady who asks the question, I would blush not to have a reply. And like many others, I become so absorbed in developing the music and dialectic of my answer, that I have no time to blush at the fatuities the answer may contain.

On Other Kinds of Starvation

Men are not starved for bread alone, and there is another homelessness current in the world than that with which the housing problem has made us acutely familiar. It would be a cruel kind of preciousness to pretend that there is anything more urgent than the feeding of the starving all over the globe, or the provision of shelter for those without a place to live. But the facts of physical starvation and of physical homelessness are outward signs of another kind of hunger, another kind of homelessness that is also widely current in the postwar scene. What else would explain all the turnings toward various religions, and various ersatz religions, that have been endemic during these last years? How else are we to explain the avidity with which new moral doctrines — even thin, confused or fraudulent ones — are devoured, even by people not normally given to philosophic speculation? There is afoot in the confusion of our time a hunger for spiritual bread, too, and while stones will be not swallowed in place of it, some quite denatured substitutes of moral nutriment will be eagerly gobbled down.

And the return to religion, celebrated, perhaps precociously, in many regions? Well, there are a good many displaced persons in the spiritual sense, too: the liberals who have lost their faith in progress or intelligence, the fellow travelers who have lost their faith in communism, the sceptics who have lost a sense of being at home with their own disillusions. Moral nutriment is scarce on earth, and people turn gladly to expectations of Manna from Heaven. And with no place to go for an intellectual habitation, some mystic Heaven is sought in which, in imagination, one can relax and call one's self, at long last, safe and sheltered and home.

Dowager

I think one of the reasons people liked to see Mrs. S. is the air she conveyed — for all her personal simplicity and modesty of being somehow imperial. There is never any evidence in her words or her manner that she ever counts on her wishes being frustrated or her plans impeded by others or by the general circumstances of the world. In an age when most people are limited by obligations, or even if wealthy by taxes, she still seems to move, assured and elegant, like a luxury-liner — as if the world were still easy and comfortable, and as if one could easily go anywhere, buy anything or cross any frontier. Merely to see her is to move in imagination in the times in which she used to live, when passports were scarcely heard of, servants were cheap and plentiful, and the income tax a socialistic ideal. To talk with her is to be reminded of the days of travel in the grand manner and country life on the grand scale.

During the war, she seemed not to recognize the difficulties that even she encountered to living in the spacious fashion to which she was accustomed. And even now, you would scarcely know from her manner and her manner of life that servants are expensive and rare; from her habitation in the country that country life on a lavish scale is disappearing; from her ménage in the city that living quarters are hard to find; or from her dinners that good food (or any) is hard to get.

It is a comfort, I suppose, to know, in a society so difficult and confused, that Mrs. S., at least, has a generous and assured way of living. Only travel abroad is still impossible even for her. But within the wide limits of the Western world, Mrs. S.'s life is untrammeled; and her conviction that this is so is evident in her firm and gracious voice. It is a comfort, albeit a vicarious one — and not too great a one — to see someone so snugly smug in a civilization where few can afford to be.

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The Revolving Bookstand

Literature and Anarchy

Morton Dauwen Zabel

The Question of Henry James. A Collection of Critical Essays, edited by F. W. Dupee. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.75.
The Crack-up, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: New Directions. $3.50.
The Portable F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Viking Press. $2.00.
The Short Novels of Dostoevsky. Introduction by Thomas Mann. New York: Dial Press. $4.00.
The Unquiet Grave, by Palinurus (Cyril Connolly). New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.
The Stranger, by Albert Camus. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.
Prater Violet, by Christopher Isherwood. New York: Random House. $2.00.
The Folded Leaf, by William Maxwell. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.
Brideshead Revisited, by Evelyn Waugh. New York and Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50.
The Bulwark, by Theodore Dreiser. New York: Doubleday and Company. $2.50.

It has become virtually axiomatic in the modern world that war is simpler than peace. This belief comes easier to the winning than to the losing side, and it is favored most by those who remain distant from battle. Yet neither the violence nor the totality of modern combat permits anyone to imagine that with the cessation of hostilities the world becomes an easier place to live and think in. When action is positive, when peril simplifies our loyalties and conduct, when every day and moment fall into the logic of immediate decision and necessity, the illusion is induced that we have disciplined our doubts, mastered the ambiguities of good and evil, and arrested for a moment the flux of time and the anarchy of history. When war ends, this illusion is abruptly dispelled. Life and thought, released from mobilized duty, revert to their fullest complexity. The moment then arrives for literature to resume its proper function and for the writer to re establish his difficult but jealously defended office in society. In times of war, the poe may protest that he has "no gift to set a statesman right." With the coming of the truce, his privilege of reserved judgment and his tolerated incompetence end. The ears o men begin to lean away, deafened or exhausted, from the din of prophets and journalists, and lend themselves anew to the serious writer for guidance out of the logic o the battlefield into the wilderness and enigma of "peace."

Thus the tests of serious literature have come to follow those of political and social action. Our age is prolific of crises. 1945 only marked the latest in a succession of dates that form the crucial moments of the Twentieth Century — 1914, 1918, 1929, 1933, 1939 Prophets, moralists and journalists thrive by such occasions; but of literature itself, it would be truer to say that its proper condition is anti-climax. Its force and function are best understood when militant action has stopped and the larger scope of human problems becomes again apparent. It is true that the whole tendency of literary argument during the past half-century has aimed to assert the responsibility of authorship to action and of the literary intelligence to history. Marxism, Fascism and anti-Fascist Resistance have all found that much ground in common. The most popular piece of serious fiction in America during the past six years gave new moral currency and aesthetic status to the writer's implication in human conflict: "No man is an Iland"; "I am involved in Mankind."

But an opposite view persists. The traditional antithesis of thought and action is revived and reduced to the crude terms of a rhetorical dilemma: Arthur Koestler gives new names to old enemies — *The Yogi and the Commissar.* And if action has betrayed us so also, it appears, has history, whose baffling

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MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL has recently returned from a two-year cultural mission in South America for the Department of State. He is professor of English and chairman of the Department of English at Loyola University. The author of *Literary Opinion in America,* he is at present writing a critical study of Joseph Conrad.

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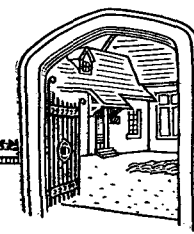

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processes and inhuman violence take on — like the world, the cosmos, the universe itself — the supra-rational dimensions of chaos: so Jean-Paul Sartre defines the problem of the mind's survival in terms of an extreme dichotomy — *L'Etre et le Néant*. The individual man, struggling to recover identity and character from the nonentity to which history has reduced him, repudiates the senseless chaos that encroaches, and reëstablishes himself as a center of values. The Kafkian hero becomes Everyman. Existentialism, and its cognate, Absurdism, become the "philosophy" of 1946. Kierkegaard, Husserl, Heidegger and Jaspers form a line of descent whose immediate heirs are today the intellectual heroes of Paris, London and New York — Sartre and Camus. "O let not Time deceive you, You cannot conquer Time," says Mr. Auden, whose poetry explores this problem. But by reasserting your pride as a man and your humility as a moral intelligence, you may permit yourself to survive and to make life, in the face of implacable and inhuman process, worth the effort of living and even capable of a regained delight. "Life remains a blessing, Although you cannot bless." The labor of Sisyphus becomes a form of joy; we have discovered the *pis aller* of the 1940's.

The concepts of Existentialism have not, thus far, manifested themselves in America or England to any marked extent, finding at the moment their greatest vogue in France. But something similar to them has already operated in English and American writing and has acted, during the past two or three years, to correct those excesses of political and humanitarian fervor which have produced the war-fiction that has become a stock commodity of the past decade. This genre, which ranges from fairly sensitive novels like Vercors' *The Silence of the Sea* and Glenway Wescott's *Apartment in Athens* to luridly romantic melodramas like the books of Kay Boyle, Anna Seghers, Hans Habe and Frederic Prokosch, finds its latest example in Erich Maria Remarque's *Arch of Triumph*, where it displays its disabilities all too obviously. Remarque, who wrote his fine novel of the last war, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, ten years after he left the defeated German armies, now produces the tale of a refugee German physician in Paris who, forced into performing illegal operations and sustained in his desire to survive and by his hope to achieve vengeance against his Nazi torturers, falls instead into every cliché of speech and

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conduct that has made stories like his a drug even on the Hollywood market. Such novels, illustrating what happens when dramatic logic is sacrificed to melodrama, character to stereotype, and argument to the patented abstractions of humanitarian justice, make clear why serious writers have come to reject the sure-fire formulations of propaganda (which always humiliate, rather than dignify, the noble causes to which they may be addressed) and have looked in other directions for models of the kind of sincerity and conscience upon which a valid art must rest.

Three such models have recently been revived — Henry James, Scott Fitzgerald and Dostoevsky, and each has reappeared as an example of creative genius that refuses to be defeated by the social and moral confusions that threaten it. Each one salvaged, in his degree, and under conditions sharply illuminating the modern artist's problem, the personal integrity and creative vision that aesthetic or moral truth lives by, and by which alone it serves the intelligence of mankind. It has taken Henry James half a century to arrive at such vindication. The twenty-six essays assembled by Mr. Dupee clearly show the debates that have raged around James's work over half a century: debates about his style, his sincerity, his imputed snobbery, his defection from America, his supposed failure in social insight, his supposed perversity of method, his aesthetic principles, his failure in complete experience. All the standard indictments and accusations are present: Stuart Sherman's, Van Wyck Brooks's, V. L. Parrington's, even, surprisingly, André Gide's. And yet it is also clear — not only from these essays, but from the sudden vogue of James's work, the reprints of his fiction, and its renewed appeal to writers of every type, realists, socialists, even Marxists — what he possessed that permitted him to arrive at this delayed apotheosis. His gifts of insight and curiosity gave him a complex and searching view into the American and international society of his confused era; his fathoming gaze penetrated the darkest riddles of conflict, sexual frustration and moral ambiguity that lay beneath the age around him; his intelligence, finding, in Edmund Wilson's words, "its bearings in a social situation almost as bewildering as the astronomical one with which the mathematics of relativity deals," never deserted its principles. Thus he made his world of privileged lives and masked purposes a direct prelude to our contemporary situation, and

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his talent — for all its disabilities and exacerbations — became a high model of aesthetic and moral honor in a century that has tended more and more to deny the right of such honor to exist on its own terms. The recent "boom" of Henry James has had its excesses, but none of these has really exaggerated the value he holds, as a mind and as a craftsman, for the contemporary reader and writer.

The renewed appeal of Scott Fitzgerald derives from similar conflicts in his life and talent. Smaller by every measure than James, Fitzgerald also knew the danger of living out a career that began with early success and privilege. Situated in the dizzy confusions of the 1920's, hero and victim alike of his generation's swift precocity, accounted by many critics a failure, he returns now not merely as a warning symbol of truncated talent but as an example of the honesty that gains a command over its problems by submitting itself to every possible risk and peril in the artist's material. His two best novels, *The Great Gatsby* and *Tender Is the Night*, are both tragedies of desire and error, and in his scarifying personal confession, *The Crack-up*, Fitzgerald showed that his knowledge of that tragedy came from his own involvement in it. His short stories are uneven and include only six or seven full successes; his early novels survive only as curiosities of their period; I have never been able to find in his uncompleted final novel *The Last Tycoon* the recovery of power his admirers see in it. But everything Fitzgerald wrote, including his hack work, his failures, and his dismal scripts for Hollywood, was a part of the price he had to pay for achieving his authentic record of his generation. His career has been subjected to excessive sentimentalization, much of it inspired by his own pages. "In the twenties, in his heyday, he was a kind of king of our American youth," writes one of his admirers in the *Crack-up* volume (Mr. Wescott). "He was our darling, our genius, our fool. . . . He lived and he wrote at last like a scapegoat, and now he has departed like one." But since risk and recklessness have become inescapable conditions of our lives, the wastrel and scapegoat may have as much to teach us as the most discreet exponent of right living and self-righteous opinion.

It is as another such emblem of dereliction — of the triumph that comes through defiance of the security offered by moral compromise and a nihilism of values — that Thomas Mann presents Dostoevsky. "It

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seems impossible to speak of Dostoevsky's genius without being forced to think of the word 'criminal.' . . . Undoubtedly the subconsciousness and even the consciousness of his titanic creator was permanently burdened with a heavy sense of guilt, a sense of the criminal, and this feeling was by no means of purely hypochondriac nature. It was connected with his infirmity, the 'sacred' disease, the pre-eminently mystical disease, epilepsy." This is what "accounts for the terrific moral force, the religious frightfulness of Dostoevsky's knowledge of the soul." Here Dostoevsky becomes a supreme example of how "all intellectual isolation and alienation from the civil norm . . . are related to the criminal's mode of life and afford an experiential insight into it." It is Mann's conviction that "life has never been able to do without the morbid"; that in the case of genius "disease bears fruits that are more important and more beneficial to life and its development than any medically approved normality. . . . The great invalids are crucified victims, sacrificed to humanity and its advancement, to the broadening of its knowledge — in short, to its more sublime health." It is by isolation, otherness, estrangement, that the radical insights of art are gained. In an age where society, politics or history willingly abrogate their authority by permitting disaster and depravity to engulf us, it is to the resisting and irreconcilable individual, guarding his secret knowledge of guilt and truth, that we turn for our clues to honor and value. What Dostoevsky reveals in the terms of violence and grandeur, both James and Fitzgerald indicate in their more limited degrees; and each of these men anticipated a moral crisis which today involves not only the private man and the artist but society as a whole.

The misfit, the nonconformist, the neurotic, the criminal have thus become symptomatic of a universal maladjustment. Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Proust, Kafka, Conrad and Mann have already defended this function in modern literature. Today, with cultures and nations broken by their unexpiated sins, the dissenting man offers himself as a focus of conscience in society, and has become a classic type among poets and novelists. He appears in many forms. He is the man who speaks in Auden's poems; he is the renegade helmsman of Cyril Connolly's *The Unquiet Grave;* he is the murderer of Albert Camus' novel *The Stranger;* he is the returning and unreconciled profligate of Henry

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The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Miller's *Air-Conditioned Nightmare;* he is the dispirited searcher for lost values in Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County;* he is the hunted priest of Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory;* he is the perplexed youths of Isherwood's and Maxwell's novels; he may be the man of pride broken to humility and submission in the recent novels of Evelyn Waugh and Theodore Dreiser. He is, in any form, a man who finds little or no consolation in the conventional sources of social authority or corporate morality. He is compelled to seek, to suffer, and to find his particular mode of truth by himself.

Cyril Connolly offers a sophisticated version of this ordeal in *The Unquiet Grave.* This intimate journal is composed of aphorisms, confessions and marginalia written during the six years of warfare in which, instead of serving in the ranks, he made his contribution to the survival of British culture by founding the magazine *Horizon.* A good deal of his style and manner are clearly derived from his admired mentor, Logan Pearsall Smith, who, just before his recent death at the age of eighty, reissued in complete form the minute essays and aphorisms, *All Trivia,* which constitute his chief claim to literary attention. *Trivia* is esteemed by some as the fine flowering of a poised, detached and civilized irony, the private pleasures of such an old-maidish bachelor-scholar as might have modelled the minor characters in James's fiction. To me they have always seemed too dainty, peckish and smugly worldly-wise to merit comparison with the masters of whom Smith was a sedulous student and admirer. Connolly is, in any event, the product of a more sophisticated and grimly disillusioned later day, a sterner realism, and more generous aesthetic sympathies. He is also the product of the grimmer self-knowledge imposed by modern psychology and economics. The themes around which he builds his journal are consciously symptomatic. The author is haplessly middle-aged, frustrated in most of his youthful hopes and talents (whose disappointment was described in Mr. Connolly's book of 1939, *Enemies of Promise*), unsuccessful in love, disgusted with modern society and its selfish rapacities, afflicted with periodic *accidia,* given to pondering escape through drugs or suicide, alternately defiant and guilt-stricken in his feeling of social and political incompetence. Yet none of these afflictions leads him to deny his enjoyment of life, the rewards of art, or the peculiar delight

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of being, despite every admitted incapacity, his own particular self.

His pages take their motif from Palinurus in the *Aeneid*, the helmsman who, falling asleep at his post, tumbles overboard, survives three days on a makeshift raft, finally reaches shore, and is done to death there by the barbarous natives. But the raft on which Palinurus floats is the tiller by which he was supposed to steer Aeneas' expedition to safety: perhaps he fell overboard out of some "antisocial hysteriod resentment" for an expedition in which he had lost faith. Can it be that it is nobler to risk drowning and death than to adhere to a cause one cannot give one's faith to? Mr. Connolly leaves the question in suspense, writing meanwhile one of the most entertaining books of the past year and a self-examination which succeeds in posing the values of art against the more positive standards of public action. It is a book that solves nothing; it suffers at times from the dated smartness of Riviera small-talk; it will please few men who take politics or social reform seriously; but it succeeds where most books fail — in charming the reader and in eliciting through art a serious consideration of the problems in practical life which art alone can specify and define.

In *The Stranger*, Albert Camus confronts us with a still more radical and dramatic nonconformist. This novel tells the parable of a man who has been so baffled and repelled by the senseless world of false pretensions and mechanized conduct in which he finds himself living, by its systematic denial of the instincts and intelligence that make him a human being, that he permits nothing that happens to him — the death of his mother, his casual engagement to a girl, his innocent involvement in an Algerian intrigue, his killing of a man, his capture, imprisonment and sentence to death — to destroy his armor of stoicism or his conviction that he and he alone counts for more than anything that can possibly happen to him. The only way of surviving in a world that has become absurd is to live absurdly, rebelling against compromise, refusing consolation and so asserting that man's mind and instinct of individual dignity remain the supreme values. Gide's principle of inverted moralism and the *acte gratuit* (repudiated, I understand, by the Existentialists, but nevertheless a patent element in their ancestry) has here been translated into a positive standard. It is this desperate species of positivism that makes it possible for the homeless and

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dispossessed man to rejoice, and to find, like Sisyphus in the myth, that his futile labor can be satisfying. (Camus has expounded his thought in an essay called *Le Mythe de Sisyphe: essai sur l'Absurde*, which has not yet appeared in translation.)

The critical intention of this notion is apparent. Where political action has repudiated the principles of moral decency and where social force has annihilated the integrity of the individual, protest can only take the form of repudiating the impersonal as irrational and reasserting the personal as valid. It is unlikely that writers will find steady inspiration in these ideas or that the run of common men will be able to live by them. Camus' novel encourages the belief that a philosophic program, as so often before, cannot supply the concrete and tangible substance that makes a poem, novel or drama take on the full force of living matter and reality. *The Stranger*, like his colleague Sartre's play *Huit Clos* and novel *La Nausée* (the two men differ radically in their versions of existentialist morality), remains essentially a parable, an exemplum, abstract in design and arbitrary in motivation; lacking Kafka's intense humanity as much as it lacks the poetic vision of Kafka's greatest works. But it is impossible to do justice here to the full significance of Camus' ideas. It is sufficient to say that his novel is, as a philosophic parable, an arresting example of its genre; that it points to a major problem in contemporary experience; and that it bears more relevance than one may at first suppose to the literary motives of the present moment.

For the idea that it will be by some radical reversion to the principles of the individual intelligence, sensibility and instinct that a world baffled by recent history, or by the sterile forms of traditional action and conventional conduct, will be saved, has become a pervasive theme of literature. Two works of fiction that still rise superior from the novels of the past year carry significant overtones of this theme. William Maxwell's *The Folded Leaf* presented a picture, moving and sensitive, of American adolescence as it grows out of the instinctual blindness of youth and the callous indifference of middle-class family and school life into a realization of the perils of living a life of one's own. Mr. Maxwell has annotated his story with explicit references to the tribal and psychic patterns that operate in life; he writes interludes of direct ethnic and anthropological interpreta-

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tion. But his book is convincing not so much in these commentaries, nor even when he resorts rather lamely to the saving operations of normal emotion (his conclusion seems largely factitious), as when he traces the workings of adolescent emotion between two growing boys who, as mutually opposed types, introverted and extroverted, intuitive and physical, are attracted and later repelled by the workings of personal growth. Mr. Maxwell has not wholly mastered his delicate problem. He too much explains his characters, never, for example, allowing his intuitive hero, Limey, to do or say anything really intuitive, and so permitting his confusion, attempted suicide, and sudden access of self-knowledge to remain stiffly manipulated in their development. But he has put down with exquisite precision the desolate mood of estrangement between a father and his son, between the members of Spud's family, between schoolboys with their cruel code-life, between an academic matriarch and her dependent professor-son. The inarticulate hungers and desires concealed by the conformities of American society are perfectly caught. The book captures some of the sources of defeat and hostility in modern society better than any ten books that deal with the massive facts of war and peace. I think it will stand as a minor classic in the literature of American youth.

Christopher Isherwood's *Prater Violet* is a short tale of a young English writer who becomes a collaborator of Friedrich Bergmann, a famous Austrian director engaged to produce for an English film company a banal movie about old Vienna just at the moment when the Dollfuss putsch and the Reichstag fire set in motion the machinery by which Vienna and Europe will be engulfed by terror and disaster. What ensues is patently a parable. While Bergmann's genius and Isherwood's intelligence are committed to glorifying their fake legend for the world's moviehouses, the real world and their own lives face extinction by the realities of political terrorism. The two men are both artists and Europeans, but both are caught in the machinery of a mind-drugging, fact-faking industry.

"I am punished for assisting at this lie," cries Bergmann when he hears that his wife and family are in mortal danger. "We shall all be punished." Yet the film "Prater Violet" proves to be a great success, it helps Bergmann get his family out of Austria, it wins him a Hollywood contract, and it leaves Isherwood well provided for a Riviera vacation where he can ponder the moral hiatus of his world and wait for the approaching holocaust. The story presents no overt moral; it ends in irony; but it illuminates with Isherwood's fine precision (already shown in his *Berlin Stories*, now also reprinted) the diseases of modern society which even war has not cured. Implicitly it defends the artist who must sacrifice his wisdom to a mass-producing industry; but it also implies that genius may become an ally of the falsehood that infects the world and prepares its destruction. Isherwood only hints, in his closing pages, that he is about to start on the search for positive social and moral values which has eventually brought him to Hollywood also, where he continues to enact his dilemma by dividing his time between movie-script writing and the Hindu religious discipline. This division of spirit perhaps accounts for the fact that his book remains brief, ironic, uncommitted to more than a paradoxical version of the modern intelligence. As a novel it illustrates, for all its perfect competence, the reasons why our best fiction often remains small in scale, the product of a moral ambivalence which even

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the finest contemporary talent seems powerless to resolve. It also points to the fact that the crisis of contemporary talent exists precisely in its need to face and master that ambivalence, and thus to commit itself to decisions which are the result neither of arbitrary intellectual concepts nor of a sentimental surrender to abstract social or political faiths, but of a complete moral realism and a complete sense of what it will cost us, in thought and action, to survive our errors. Isherwood merely sketches the problem; he leaves others to give it substance and faith.

Admittedly such substance is thin in most books of the present moment. And the faith to animate it is either so incommunicably private when genuine, or, when public, so vitiated by standardized sentiment and insincerity (and thus suspect to the scrupulous conscience) that it proves of small service to the writer who tries to give it the solid embodiment required by his art. The result is evident. We get from writers either of two things: a passively puzzled version of life or an irresponsibly arbitrary one. We get a disorganized and aimless complex of forces that resist intelligent understanding, or we get a revelation of truth so personal, didactic or capricious that it bears little organic relation to common experience, coming as a willed act of faith which, however genuine in the author, has little dramatic or moral roots in the reality to which he means to apply it.

The two notable novels of religious experience this past year, Dreiser's *The Bulwark* and Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*, both reveal these difficulties, which, in another form, have appeared in contemporary social novels. Great social fiction in the past has come from a rebellious protest to given conditions, but also from a critical resistance to the abstractions of social theory that would simplify human and economic reality. So also a really powerful religious literature, wherever we find it — Eliot, Hopkins, Donne or Dante; Newman, Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky or Pascal — has come from a faith that denies no ordeal, doubt or agony that challenges it, making of these rather the moral reality that substances (we may say "incarnates") the spiritual revelation. The primary condition of imaginative literature in any age has always been such moral realism. It is inescapably so in ours. Belief that appears arbitrary, wishful or evasive of experience is incompatible with valid art. To create a convincing spiritual experience is one of the severest tests of the artist. Huxley's *Time Must Have a Stop* last year was an obvious example of failure in this line. Something of the same defect appears in the greatly more serious novels of Dreiser and Waugh, despite the ponderous honesty of the first and the brilliant gifts and partial success of the second. It is understandable that the skeptical reader should find the closing sections of these novels unconvincing as records of genuine spiritual experience. The meaning of faith is too little integrated with the conflict that is credited with its discovery, and the conflict itself is too little dramatized in character and action. One gets a more powerful sense of what spiritual reality is in Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory* than in Waugh's book, not because it deals with squalid instead of aristocratic people ("snobbery" is an accusation the critic should employ cautiously), but because it evokes the necessity of faith out of everything in its characters that resists or denies it.

It is here that the artist finds his problem today. If the thinness and abstraction of wartime fiction offer any lesson, if James or Dostoevsky is to be usefully revived, it is because they show, negatively and positively, the one inescapable responsibility to which genuine art must commit itself. We talk of values as being in a state of anarchy. It is a function of art to see how constant the imminence of anarchy in life is, and how it gives opportunity to two equal weaknesses in human nature — our weakness for passivity and our weakness for substituting easy absolutes for reason. It is also a function of art to test the validity of a theory or a belief by subjecting it to the fullest exactions of the critical intelligence. A new program of ideas — Existentialism or any other — can never excuse the writer from that test, nor can it set up the individual as an isolated standard, for that is only to substitute one form of anarchy for another. The truth with which art is concerned is never easy. It is ambivalent, elusive and difficult. It is, before it can be anything else, the truth of human values and the realities that condition them. If the artist, like everyone else today, must again decide his responsibilities, he will do it by showing how truly "involved in mankind" and its confusions the moral intelligence is; how, also, the faith to save us comes when such intelligence has shirked nothing in the ordeal that an art capable of human and spiritual truth imposes on it.

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OUR READERS COMMENT

Two Catholics Reply

To the Editor: As a Catholic of partly Jewish descent who lived in Germany till 1929, I would like to comment briefly on the article "The Book and the People of the Book" by Ephraim Frisch in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Autumn, 1945.

If the author claims for the Jewish religion the right to "be evaluated on the basis of those sections and passages which represent the Hebrew conception of God and man at their highest development," one might expect the application of the same highest standards in judging the Catholic Church by a man who is so deeply a searcher after justice — a principle which he rightly observes is the big contribution of the Jews to mankind.

We all know, some more clearly than others, that the Church is made up of human beings — but as a Church we do not advocate anti-Semitism. The Popes, time and again, in history have condemned it. The Bishops of Germany, the Bishops of Europe have spoken out against it. Lay leaders have taken an issue and tried to educate the people.

If a thousand men would fall away from the Church because of the prejudice, narrowness and bigotry within some of the members, that would not take way from the fact that the Church, did, does and will assert that she represents Christ on earth, who upheld the Old Testament — for certain reasons. But Christ went far beyond the Old Testament. He brought the New Law, the law of love, the law of charity, a law that knows no resentment.

It is particularly unfortunate that Dr. Frisch expresses resentment (against Christianity) in such a way that it does more harm to the Jewish cause, rather than working toward reconciliation on the highest principles of Judaism and Christianity.

STEPHANIE M. HERZ
Dominican College of San Rafael, Calif.

To the Editor: Dr. Ephraim Frisch's article on "The Book and the People of the Book" in your autumn issue impresses me as an incomplete coverage of a complex problem. Anti-Semitism is not to be corrected by a false diagnosis.

Anyone who will take the trouble to study the case of the Jews through history will readily see that the phenomena of anti-Semitism are not traceable to a single cause and that a religious one. The story of the Jews as told by themselves in the Old Testament testifies that in Babylonia, in Egypt, in Palestine, they were surrounded by powerful peoples who were their constant persecutors. Then came the Romans and the dispersal. In the Middle Ages it should be recalled that the Jews themselves first chose the Ghetto as a means of community living. Once again the minority people, now in sharp economic rivalry with the dominant merchants, were the scapegoats for social tensions. There were, indeed, religious reasons given for persecution, but as one looks closely back into history and forward to the present day when the greatest of all anti-Semitic persecutions has raged, one has cause to question whether the religious arguments offered are valid and sufficient reasons, or rationalizations.

How is it possible for an earnest champion of the Jewish people, with current history under his eyes, to avoid the evidence of the Nazi persecution? Can Nazism, by any stretching of definitions, be termed a Christian movement? Did Hitler and his henchmen advance the charge of deicides against the Jews? What other persecution is worthy of mention today if the Nazi persecution is given no mention? Likewise some credit should be given to Christians, both humble and distinguished, who have worked to alleviate the persecution.

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR
Dominican College of San Rafael, Calif.

Rebuttal

To the Editor: I welcome the opportunity to reply to the criticisms of my article by Miss Herz and Miss Taylor.

My article was meant to be and is an appeal to the conscience of Christendom to end an age-old wrong. No "resentment against Christianity" should be read into it.

Miss Herz argues that the Catholic Church should not be held responsible for the prejudice, narrowness and bigotry of some of its members. I call her attention to the fact that the invidious passages I cited in my article are all found in books bearing the *nihil obstat* of the official censors and the *imprimatur* of leading bishops and archbishops of the American hierarchy. Bishop Gilmour's *Bible History*, which has gone through numbers of editions, carries on page six (1936 printing) the "approbations" of Cardinal Gib-

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bons, of fifteen archbishops and sixteen bishops, and in addition the Apostolic Benediction of Pope Leo XIII. In this book is found, together with other derogatory statements, the passage reading: "For eighteen hundred years has the blood of Christ been upon the Jews. Driven from Judea — without country, without home — strangers among strangers — hated, yet feared — have they wandered from nation to nation, bearing with them the visible sign of God's curse. Like Cain, marked with a mysterious sign, they shall continue to wander till the end of the world." (p. 209)

Incidentally, this sentiment of Bishop Gilmour's rests on the highest — and very ancient — authority. In a letter which Pope Innocent III sent to the Count of Nevers of France, dated January 17, 1208, in which he rebuked the Count for his tolerant treatment of the Jews in his domain, threatening him with excommunication if he continued to protect them, Innocent III wrote: "The Lord made Cain a wanderer and a fugitive over the earth, but set a mark on him, lest any, finding him, should slay him. Thus the Jews, against whom the blood of Jesus Christ calls out, although they should not be killed, lest the Christian people forget the Divine Law, yet as wanderers ought to remain upon the earth until their countenance be filled with shame and they seek the name of Jesus Christ, the Lord." (The Latin original is found in Migne: *Patrologiae Cursus Completus*, Second Series, Vol. 215, Column 1,291.)

And certainly the Catholic Church cannot evade responsibility for the many abusive passages in the form of footnotes found in the Revision of The New Testament — the first revision in English since 1582 — brought out under "the Patronage of the Episcopal Committee of the Confraternity of the Christian Doctrine" in 1941, which is prefaced by a letter of congratulation from Eugene Cardinal Tisserant, President of the Pontifical Biblical Commission, Rome, addressed to Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara of Kansas City, Mo. In this volume of Scripture, Jesus' parable of the fig tree is distorted to stigmatize the *entire* Jewish people, and Judaism is declared a devilish force. This same volume contains another shocking comment by the editors (which I had not mentioned in my article), reading: "Although the Jew pretended to hold idols in abomination, and to regard even the least contact with them as defiling, he would not hesitate to steal idols from pagan temples, if he saw a chance to profit by doing so." (Footnote to Romans 2:22) These utterances violate the intent and spirit of the gentle Rabbi of Nazareth who never once denounced the *entire* people of Israel but only the hypocrites, exploiters and reactionary ecclesiasts

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of his day, precisely as did the great Hebrew prophets from whom he drew his inspiration, centuries before him.

Miss Taylor errs when she assumes that I ascribe anti-Semitism exclusively to the religious factor. I am well aware that other elements — economic, racial, intellectual, nationalistic, the scapegoat device, etc., contribute to that strange and monstrous phobia. My article deliberately confined itself to the religious factor. It is this factor which is the root of anti-Semitism and the one for which Christians, and notably the Churches, are responsible. It is no accident that hostility to Jews has been most virulent and continuous in the lands dominated by Christendom. This is the inevitable result of the nearly nineteen hundred years of deliberate misrepresentation of the Jewish people by the Church and of its distortion and disparagement of that which has distinguished them in history — their Scriptures. The Jew has been presented by the Church as the arch criminal in the divine plan for the redemption of humanity, whose wilful blindness and arrogant stubbornness invite and justify contempt, humiliation, hatred and persecution and even extermination — all in the name of God, the knowledge of whose will is claimed by the Church as its exclusive monopoly for all time.

Miss Taylor errs again when she states that "the Jews themselves first chose the Ghetto as a means of community living." The Third Vatican Council (1179) prohibited true believers even from lodging amongst the infidels. Pope Paul IV, in a bull issued in 1555, enjoined the enforcement of this medieval principle of segregation, and the Ghetto of Rome was established in the following year. As late as 1870, Dr. Moehlman reminds us, the Jews of Rome had to petition the Pope (Pius IX) "for the abolition of the Ghetto in the Eternal City under the very shadow of St. Peter's." It was not the Pontiff who finally abolished it, but Victor Emmanuel when the Italian army occupied Rome that year.

Miss Taylor's insistence that the bestial behavior of the Nazis so overshadows the offenses I cited as to render these not "worthy of mention" is beside the mark. My article did not deal with the behavior of sadists. It addressed itself to teachers and shepherds of the religion of Jesus, to fellows in faith of many in Europe, who during the Hitler terror, at great risks to themselves, showed brotherliness and compassion to the persecuted Jews — a beautiful chapter in contemporary Christian annals which I rejoice in and applaud.

EPHRAIM FRISCH
545 West End Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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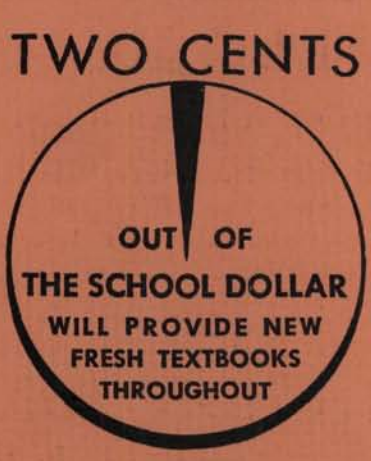

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